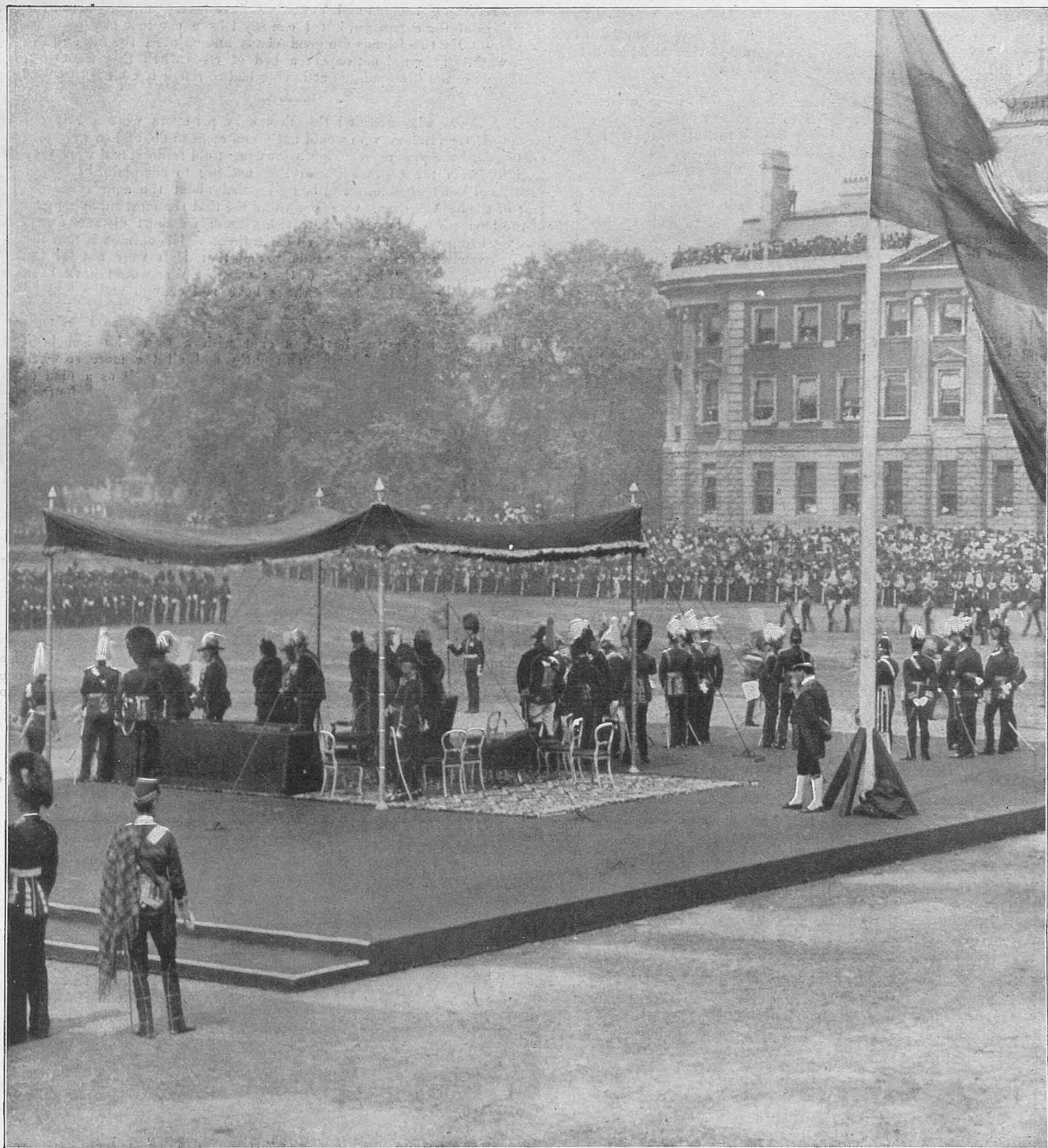




No. 438.—VOL. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



The King, Queen, Duke of Cambridge,  
and Earl Roberts.

Mr. Brodric and Mr. Chamberlain stood  
in front of a brilliant group of officers.

#### HIS MAJESTY PRESENTING WAR-MEDALS ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

*Earl Roberts, who was the first to receive the medal from the King, took his place on the dais near the Duke of Cambridge and the Queen, to whom he explained the services of the distinguished officers and men also honoured by His Majesty. This Photograph is by the Biograph Studio, of Regent Street, W.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The King and the Presentation of War-Medals.*

THE ceremony of the presentation of medals by His Majesty the King, last Wednesday morning, on the Horse Guards Parade will be remembered and talked of and written of when other more gorgeous and glittering days of formal military pomp are forgotten, for it was an unusual gathering. It marked a final period in the history of the War, and it had its pathetic as well as its glorious side, for when the gallant fellows in the blue garb of Netley came limping up to the dais every man on that great parade-ground, which seemed to pulsate with splendid, vigorous life, thought of the men who could not say "Here!" when the medal-roll was called over, but who sleep sound by the Modder River, or amongst the Ladysmith hills, or under the grass of the veldt around Bloemfontein.

It was an admirably arranged ceremony, for His Majesty the King and Queen Alexandra, raised a little above the level of the parade-ground by the platform over which the canopy was spread, could be well seen from every corner of the square, and the stream of recipients flowed smoothly past the dais with no stoppage. It was a picturesque ceremony also, for I have never seen on a British parade-ground so varied a mass of colour, and never, even at a Royal Review at Aldershot, has a more distinguished Staff formed up behind His Majesty.

As the Generals and high officials came forward one by one to receive their little round of silver and to listen to a few gracious words from their Sovereign's lips, the scroll of history seemed to roll open, and great achievement after achievement was recalled as the men in scarlet and the men in black stood for a moment the centre of interest to the vast crowd and then moved away into the half-circle of Court and Staff. The little, smiling man with the bronzed face and white moustache and the ribbon of the Garter who marched up first of all was the man to whom Great Britain turned in its danger and sorrow—Lord Roberts—the man who conceived the great movement which smashed the Boer Army by successive blows until naught was left of it but a remnant of guerilla bands, and who planted the Union Jack in Pretoria.

Lord Milner came next. If the great soldier's was the hand to strike, the great civilian's was the hand to hold, for never were clear brain and perfect tact and temper, nerve of steel and inflexible will, better used than Lord Milner used them.

Of the men in scarlet, Sir Redvers Buller, impassive as ever, solid as a rock, a very type of British determination, was the General who hammered away at the stern mountain-barrier which stopped the way to Ladysmith, until at last he relieved Sir George White.

Sir William Nicholson was not a General whose name was connected with victories in the field, but his was the brain which assisted more than that of any other man, except that of his great Chief, in the organisation of victory, for he was, first, Adjutant-General in the field, and afterwards was given the immensely important task of organising the transport. He is now in a post where his active brain still works for the good of the nation, for he is the head of the Intelligence Department. Of other famous recipients, Sir Ian Hamilton, who still shows signs of the privations of Ladysmith, is, as he has been throughout his career as a soldier, a leader of men whose Scotch blood gives him a combination of carefulness, which never risks the lives of men unnecessarily, and of dash in action which inspires his command.

Sir Archibald Hunter, who looks no older than most Captains, is a General who learned the art of war in that training-ground of young Generals, Egypt, and whom many men look on as the foremost scholar in the school of Kitchener. General Smith-Dorrien, who but a few months ago was commanding a regiment at Malta, has been honoured, as a reward for his great services in the War, by the appointment to the high and very responsible post of Adjutant-General in India.

Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, best-groomed of Guardsmen, is the man who, as a Brigadier, turned the doubtful day at the Modder into a victory, and, as a General of Division, marched his Guardsmen down the line to Komati Poort so swiftly that the Boer Government fled over the border without tarrying to take its household goods with it; and General Kelly-Kenny is the leader who with his Division did the hardest work in the advance on Bloemfontein, and of whom it was said that he never made a mistake.

I hear great things of the Tableaux Vivants organised by Mrs. Stephen Schilizzi to take place at the Savoy Hotel on Monday and Tuesday next in aid of the funds of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, Marylebone. This Society fête is graciously patronised by Her Majesty and by the Duchess of Fife and the Duke of Cambridge. Many distinguished artists have promised to assist, including Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Mdle. Zélie de Lussan, Fräulein Fritzi Scheff, Mr. Maurice Farkoa, Mr. Tivadar Nachez, and Mrs. Helen Trust. There will be tableaux of "The Huguenots," "The Accolade," "Art Wins the Heart," "The Black Brunswicker," "The Angelus," Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," "A Stolen Kiss," and "Summer Songs."

The Duke of Portland, I note, was among the Englishmen who crossed the Channel to see Chéri win the Grand Prix.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*Welcoming the Boys Home Again—The Imperial Yeomen at "the Front"—A Prisoner of the Boers—A Chat with a Yeoman—Variegated Weather—The Bowlers Get a Turn—More Centuries.*

WE have been welcoming back some of the boys to town. A lot of the Imperial Yeomanry and of the City of London Volunteer Regiment have come home. They got a hearty welcome, and the London men had a service in St. Paul's, after which there was a pretty little ceremony outside the great Cathedral. The men drew up opposite the South Portico, where the Lord Mayor addressed them from the balcony, and Colonel Keller told of the work the men had done at "the Front."

Two of my own particular friends were among those who came home, and both of them are looking thoroughly fit and all the better for their year of wild, open-air life. It has taken the town-look out of them, and they both look younger. Both had enteric, and one of them was taken prisoner by the Boers, besides being slightly wounded. I hear that some of the returning Yeomen and Volunteers have been grumbling about the hardships of the campaign, but I can say I have not met any of these grouse. My two friends are good chaps and enjoyed the fun and the hard work. They did not expect a bed of roses when they went out, and they are not disappointed at having had to rough it a bit.

The Boers who guarded the Yeomanry prisoners were mostly old Orange River farmers who would not go on commando, and so were told off to guard the prisoners. They were decent old fellows, and were very friendly with the captured, who had nothing to complain of except occasional short commons and being hustled about the country in the rear of the fighting-line. One friend told me that the most annoying part of the business was hearing the British guns only a short distance away, and yet being unable to get away to join them. His opinion is that the guerilla war will fizzle out gradually, and that, if it were not for the foreigners and the young Boers of the towns, the War would have been over long ago. The real Boer farmers have had enough and would be glad to go home.

It is very interesting having a chat with a man who has been fighting at "the Front" for fifteen months, and all the more so when your friend is one whom you had hitherto regarded strictly as a man of peace whose combats were nothing more bloodthirsty than a football match. I should fancy that the returned Yeomen and Volunteers will find it rather hard to settle down to civil life again, and that they will have a fit of the "go-fever" in them soon.

It will be something of a job, too, to get used to the vagaries of our climate again. Last week we had some fine variegated weather of a more than usually eccentric pure brand. On the Sunday the highest temperature was eighty-one degrees, and on the Thursday the highest was fifty-seven degrees—a difference of twenty-four degrees. This sort of thing does not give a man from a warm climate a chance.

The change in the weather, however, let in the bowlers, and showed that, as soon as the wicket gets a bit sticky, our bowlers can be more than a match for the century-makers. In the M.C.C. and Ground v. the London County, that wonderful veteran, "W. G.," in the first innings took seven wickets for thirty runs in thirteen overs, a fine performance for one who was at the game in the 'sixties. The South Africans, who made such hay of Cambridge University, did not make much of a show when they played Somerset last week, for Gill took five wickets in eight overs for twenty-four runs, three of the wickets being captured in one over.

The batsmen, however, soon resumed the mastery, for the rain did not last long. In Yorkshire v. Warwickshire, F. Mitchell made a splendid 162 not out, and Brown 121, while J. R. Mason scored 102 against Notts and Lewis 100 not out against the South Africans. We shall have to give up looking on Mitchell and Mason as young cricketers soon, for Mitchell scored his first century in 1895 for Cambridge v. Somerset, and Mason his first century in 1892, when he was at Winchester. Brown, of course, is a still older hand, for his first century goes back to 1890—just eleven years ago.

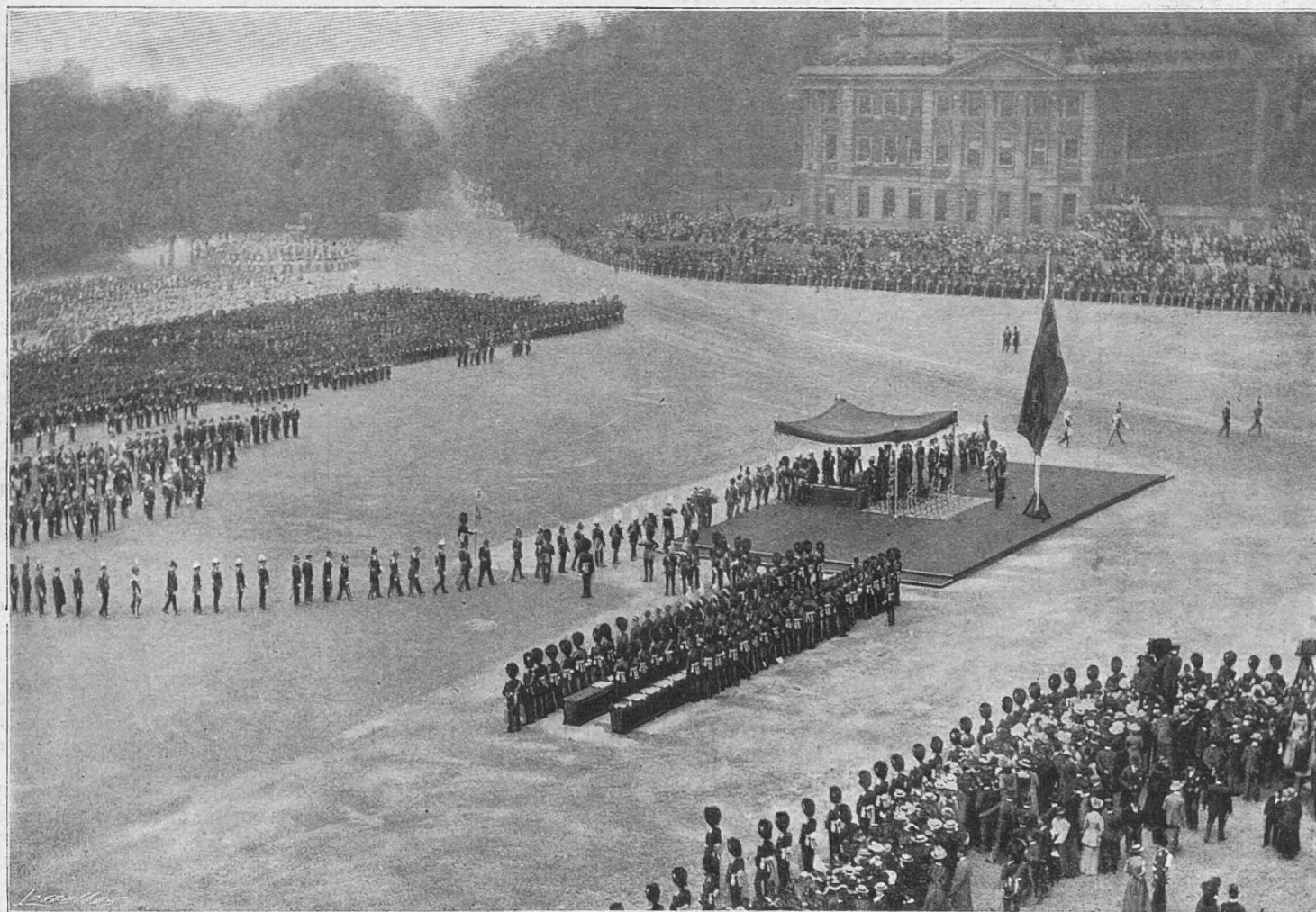
In sultry weather I find a blow on the river most recuperative. The Sketch Bank Holiday photographs of Thames holiday-steamboats will doubtless have induced numbers of citizens to hie to Hampton Court, where the Sadlers maintain the just renown of the "Mitre" cuisine; or down the river to the "Ship" at Greenwich, or on to Ramsgate or Margate. Whilst the Palace steamers make daily trips to and from these Kentish resorts, the Belle Line is favoured by those voyaging from London Bridge to Clacton-on-Sea and Walton-on-the-Naze.

I am requested to state that the copyright of Mr. G. Sheridan Knowles's Academy painting of "Home Again" (illustrated on page 154 in *The Sketch* of May 15) is vested in Mr. Jesse Boot. Photogravures of this fine national picture will be published by Mr. Boot, and may be obtained of him at Station Street, Nottingham.





THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH PRINCESS VICTORIA, RETURNING TO MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF WAR-MEDALS.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DORRETT AND MARTIN, STRAND.



THE KING'S PRESENTATION OF WAR-MEDALS ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: THE THREE THOUSAND MEDALS WERE PLACED ON TRAYS  
ON THE TABLES TO THE LEFT OF THE ROYAL DAIS.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. M. COOKE, HILLFIELD AVENUE, HORNSEY, N.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*Ascot: a Preliminary Canter—Ascot with the Hunt Cup Left Out—Invisible Races—English Race Problems—"Doping" the Spectators—How to Live on Nothing a-Year—Punctuality at the Winning-Post—The Americans "Doing" Europe—Europe "Doing" the Americans.*

THE drawback to Ascot is that you can see nothing whatever of the racing. A gentleman, asked the other day if he was going to see the Hunt Cup, said, "No, but I'm going to Ascot." The Royal Enclosure is so exclusive as to exclude an extensive view of the course, which is, after all, always a dreadfully vulgar place. It is regrettable, for the jockeys and judges allege the sport to be of the highest class. There is not a selling-race in the programme. The stakes are valuable, and four of them go into four figures. The handicaps are few. People complain that the horses have to end uphill, but, then, at the Derby, they complain that they have to end downhill; other courses they accuse of being too level! The track is one of the worst in the world; but that is all the better. It demands more skill from the riders. It is so hard as to have been the ruin of countless horses. The management might with safety advertise, "Race here, and you will never race anywhere else."

Missing the actual races is only a trifle as long as one gets the luncheon and the dresses. For every question in a civilised nation—from American jockeys down to Ascot—resolves itself into one of luncheons and dresses. First, catch your millionaire—the millionaire who has the judgment to see that you would be a credit and an ornament to his party. Impress him with the feeling that you are a person of social position, of character (though this may sometimes only earn his contempt), and—which is far more important—a rising man. The rest is easy. And recollect that a champagne luncheon is a mere nothing to a man who carelessly turns over millions a-day, and that no regulation prohibits "doping" among the spectators.

Do we realise how much of the ladies' dresses on these occasions are out on ticket-of-leave? The head of a fashionable millinery business tells me he witnessed the Oaks this year, where he also witnessed a lady wearing a hat which she had ordered "on approval" the day before. Next day he was therefore surprised to have the hat sent back as "not quite suitable." His surprise has been heightened by two or three more being ordered on trial just in time—such is coincidence—for Ascot. This is like those unscrupulous gentlemen who obtain free riding for months on trial horses and stop six weeks at a country house by keeping up a fiction that they are examining some of the land for immediate purchase.

Royal Ascot! No one knows why Ascot is usually "Royal" any more than why Goodwood is always "Glorious." That is an attraction in the other great race-meetings—they are not permanently labelled the "Delirious Derby," the "Epsom Pandemonium," or the "Leafy Leger." Again, why is it not a "classic race"? It is, perhaps, the most important Turf event after the Derby, almost the greatest handicap of the Season (and may be the greatest before long), and a recognised Society spasm. There must be a reason for not calling it "classic," as there is for most of our national absurdities. Probably everyone is afraid to show his ignorance by asking.

The Gold Cup has already gone across the Atlantic. The Derby was won by an American-owned and American-ridden horse, the Oaks by one which was all that and American-bred as well. The wonder is that each spectator at Ascot is not compelled to publicly denounce England and take an oath of allegiance to President McKinley. We are American-ridden in every sense. Our national proverbs can be brought down to date any time now, as—"What is bred in America will come out in the British Isles" (and sweep the board there), "America will make the mare to go," and so on. Everything at our race-meetings now is Yankee, except the losings to the bookmakers.

It is the old story of English slowness. The American horse is a smart commercial quadruped. He strains a point to meet his customers and reach the winning-post at as early a date as possible, no matter how. He does not ask for the course to be altered, or the position of the rider adjusted to suit his prehistoric traditions. He does not strike for shorter hours or an increase in oats. During a horse-race, pre-eminently, time is money. The English racer is a worthy, straightforward, respectful animal. But where he falls behind is in a want of business punctuality and smartness. This talk of favouritism is nonsense. He fails again and again to deliver himself at the post within the time tendered for by the contractors. Our jockeys cannot be too particular in anticipating trade competitors and making an early arrival at the end of the course.

The great hotels announce that immense numbers of Americans are over here with the intention of "doing" Europe. Judging from our races, they certainly seem to be "doing" us. A glance at some of the hotel prices reassures us with the feeling that Europe is making an effort to "do" them.

HILL ROWAN.

## "TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

IN producing the latest musical play which Messrs. J. T. Tanner, Harry Nicholls, Adrian Ross, Percy Greenbank, Paul Rubens, Ivan Caryll, Lionel Monckton, and one or two others have prepared for Gaiety use, the always lavish and non-expense-sparing Mr. George Edwardes has been more lavish and less expense-sparing than ever. Not only has he sought to ensure safety by calling in a multitude of counsellors, consisting of librettists, lyrists, composers, costumiers, and so on, but he has surrounded himself with the largest and best acting company to be obtained for money, plus an extensive group of the loveliest and most gorgeously gowned chorus-ladies ever seen even at the Gaiety. All these human and other expensive contributors to Mr. Edwardes's latest have been splendidly marshalled by his skilful and world-experienced stage-manager, Mr. J. A. E. (or "Pat") Malone, and by his artistically agile dance-and-group-arranger, Mr. Willie Warde.

Although, according to the best dramatic authority the world possesses, "The Play's the Thing," yet in the matter of a Gaiety play the songs are at least as important as the "book," if not more so. Gaiety-goers will therefore be delighted to learn, firstly, that their old favourites, Mr. Edmund Payne (who plays the "tiger" condemned to become, willy-nilly, a terrible Toreador) and Miss Violet Lloyd, who represents his sweetheart, have been well provided, vocally. Their ditties include a very funny "Punch and Judy" duet, composed by Mr. Caryll. Miss Florence Collingbourne, who has been transferred from Daly's in order to be the new Gaiety heroine, has two very effective songs. One of these treats of flowers and is sung while she is making up a bouquet. The other is of a less "symbolic" nature, and bears the refrain, "It does amuse me so!" Mr. Monckton is also responsible for the musical setting of at least three other principal numbers, namely, "Keep off the Grass," for Miss Gertie Millar, the Gaiety's new soubrette (who plays a saucy bridesmaid named Cora), "Creepie, Crawlie," a weird duet of the "Bogie Man" type, for Mr. Lionel Mackinder as the light-comedy lover, Augustus Trill, and sweet Miss Marie Studholme as Dora Selby, a bewitching Ward-in-Chancery, and "Archie," a most eccentric "masher" song. "Archie" affords fine comedy scope for Mr. George Grossmith junior, who enacts the character of Lieutenant Sir Archibald Slackitt, of the Welsh Guards.

Mr. Rubens has supplied a very "fetching" Spanish song for the attractive Miss Maidie Hope, who impersonates La Belle Bolero. From an American source comes a quaint low-comedy "character" song, called "Maud, the Fraud," for the droll Miss Claire Romaine, who represents a very giddy "widdy," significantly named Mrs. Malton Hoppings. Mr. Caryll, in addition to being responsible for the musical direction of the piece, has supplied, besides the numbers named above, an effective Toreador song for the play's real Torcadore, impersonated by Mr. Herbert Clayton, and a fine "fascination" number for Miss Queenie Leighton, who impersonates the handsome Spanish adventuress whose jealous conspiracies and subterfuges for a time cause such "alarums and excursions" among all concerned.

To conclude, it requires no overwhelming skill in prophecy to predict that, what with its clever and blithe acting, its dainty and droll ditties, its richly coloured costumes, and its beautiful scenery by Messrs. Hawes Craven and Joseph Harker, "Toreador"—the story of which was described fully in our last—will be found in the Gaiety bills for at least a year to come.

H. C. N.

## THE GUILDHALL FÊTES.

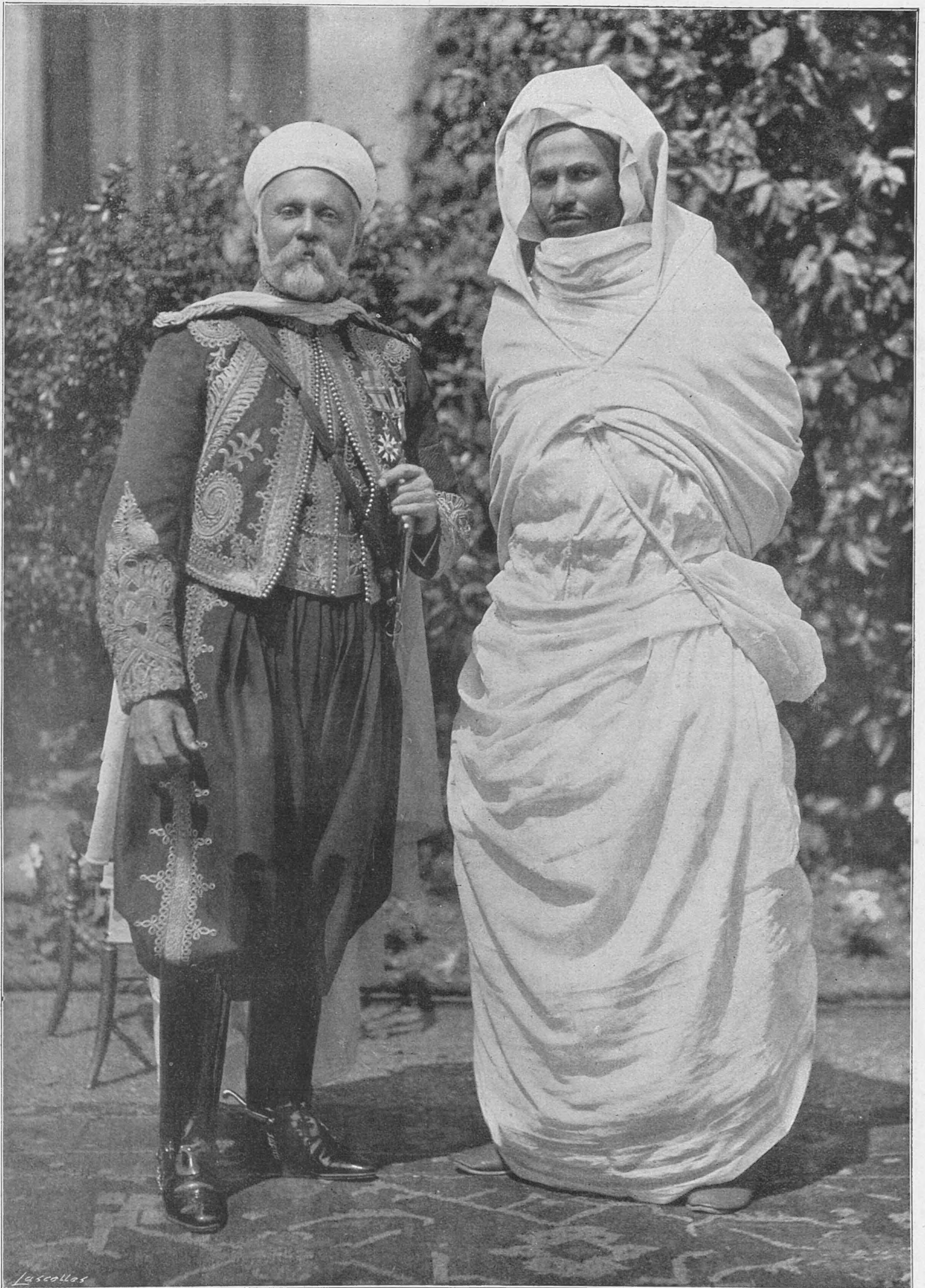
THE conversaciones given by the Mother of Corporations at the Guildhall to the fledglings of municipal bodies, in the shape of the Metropolitan Borough Councils, on Monday and Tuesday of last week, were most successful functions. To have asked all the Councillors with their ladies for one evening would have unduly taxed the capacities of the Guildhall. So recourse was had by the Entertainment Committee to the ballot, with the happy result that, broadly speaking, Monday represented the Northern and Eastern suburbs, and Tuesday the Southern and Western.

The entertainment on each evening was on precisely similar lines, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were indefatigable in extending the right hand of fellowship to the Corporation's three thousand guests.

In the gallery of the Main Hall, where the reception took place, the band of the Grenadier Guards was stationed, while in the Library the string-band of the Royal Artillery lured Mayors, resplendent in freshly minted chains of office, Aldermen, and Councillors alike to seek their partners for successive dances. For those not so frivolously inclined, the Art Gallery, with its unique collection of the works of Spanish painters, with the added charm of music by the Lawler Quintette, proved a strong attraction, and concerts in the new Council Chamber by students of the Guildhall School of Music attracted good audiences.

Visitors who found their way to the ancient and modern crypts found generous provision for refreshment by Birch's, whose civic reputation remains unsullied. The story goes that on Monday more than one couple duly accredited with invitation-cards were so overawed with the unaccustomed splendours, as viewed from the entrance to the Guildhall, that they turned tail and fled, and satisfied themselves by watching from a respectful distance the flow of arrivals.





KAID MACLEAN, WITH THE MOORISH AMBASSADOR TO THE KING.

*The Moorish Ambassador—Ci el Mehedy ben l'Arbi el Mnebhi—visited St. James's Palace on June 10 to present to the King the Sultan of Morocco's congratulations on his accession. In replying, His Majesty said: "I sincerely reciprocate the sentiments of personal friendship which His Majesty has expressed through your Excellency, and also the wish that the relations between the two countries of Great Britain and Morocco should be cordial and intimate." This Photograph is by Lafayette, of New Bond Street, W.*



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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,  
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IMRE KIRALFY'S GREAT MILITARY SPECTACLE,  
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Or, THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS.  
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CHEAP HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (King's Cross, &c.).  
Each Wednesday for 8 days to SHERINGHAM, CROMER (Beach), MUNDESLY-ON-SEA, YARMOUTH, SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.  
Each Saturday, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, GRIMSBY, NEW CLEE, (LEETHORPES, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY, ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, SALTBURN, REDCAR, APPLEBY, TYNEMOUTH, WHITLEY BAY, CULLERCOATS, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, and DOUGLAS (Isle of Man).  
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CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

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SPECIAL HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS from London (Marylebone, near Baker Street and Edgware Road Stations), Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), and Greenwich (S.E. and C.R.).  
THURSDAYS, JUNE 20, July 4, 18, Aug. 1, 15, 29, Sept. 12 and 26, to Ireland (for 16 days), including Belfast, Londonderry, Bangor, Bundoran, Giant's Causeway, Larne, &c.; also on FRIDAYS, June 21, July 5, 19, Aug. 2, 16, 30, Sept. 13 and 27 (for 16 days), to Dublin, Wicklow, Cork, Kenmare, Galway, Sligo, Ballinasloe, Navan, Dundalk, Newry, &c.  
SATURDAYS, JULY 6, 20, Aug. 10, 24, Sept. 7 and 21, to Londonderry via Liverpool and direct steamer for 16 days.  
SATURDAY, JUNE 22, for 3, 6, and 8 days, to Accrington, Blackburn, Bolton, Brackley, Bradford, Burnley, Chester, Chesterfield, Cleethorpes, Darlington, Doncaster, Durham, Filey, Gainsborough, Grimsby (Town and Docks), Halifax, Hartlepool, Huddersfield, Hull, Leicester, Liverpool, Loughborough, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Newcastle, Northallerton, Nottingham, Oldham, Preston, Rotherham, Rugby, St. Helens, Scarborough, Sheffield, Southport, South Shields, Stockport, Sunderland, Wakefield, Warrington, West Hartlepool, Whitby, Widnes, Wigan, Worksop, York; and many other points in the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c.  
EVERY SATURDAY until further notice, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to Blackpool (Talbot Road and Central), Bridlington, Chester, Cleethorpes, Cullercoats, Douglas, Filey, Fleetwood, Grimsby (Town and Docks), Liverpool, Lytham, New Clee, Redcar, Robin Hood's Bay, St. Ann's, Saltburn, Scarborough, Southport, Tynemouth, Whitby, Whitley Bay.  
WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.—Every Saturday (for half-day, 1, 2, or 3 days), Sundays (for 1 or 2 days), Mondays and Thursdays, for half-day and 1 day, to Ashby Magna, Brackley, Calvert, Charwelton, Culworth, Fimmere, Helmdon, Leicester, Loughborough; (Half-day tickets not issued.) Lutterworth, Rugby, Whetstone, Willoughby, Woodford and Hinton.  
Tickets (dated in advance), Bills, and all information, can be obtained at Marylebone Station, also of Messrs. Dean and Dawson, 55, Charing Cross; and at all Great Central Ticket Offices.  
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The steamers of the UNITED STEAMSHIP COMPANY, of COPENHAGEN sail from HARWICH (Parkston Quay) for ESBJERG every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday night, returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday evening.  
Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 70s. 6d.  
The service will be performed by the steamship "N. J. Fjord" and the steamship "Koldinghuus." These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers.  
For further information, address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The King's First Military Pageant.*

The most magnificent spectacle the Horse Guards Parade has ever seen rejoiced the hearts of many thousands of His Majesty's loyal subjects last Wednesday morning, when the King presented the South African War Medal to about three thousand officers and men. Our Champ de Mars was brilliant with the many-coloured uniforms of His Majesty's brave



KING CHARLES OF ROUMANIA TAKING A WALK AT ABBAZIA.

soldiers. The Sovereign, in the scarlet uniform and plumed cocked-hat of a Field-Marshal, and wearing the Order of the Garter, was seen to great advantage on the dais surmounted by a silken canopy, the huge crowds cheering again and again as His Majesty opened the proceedings by presenting a notable group of heroes, including Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, Lord Milner, Sir Archibald Hunter, and, last not least, Captain Lambton and the officers of his Naval Brigade, with the medals. The trying nature of the task the King undertook with characteristic cheeriness to perform may be imagined when I mention that the presentation occupied over two hours. The photographs in this week's *Sketch* will enable friends at a distance to realise the regal scene.

*The Queen and her Grandchildren.*

Queen Alexandra, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria and attended by Lady Emily Kingscote and Miss Knollys, took the keenest interest in the proceedings. It was evident that Lord Roberts spent a portion of the time in recounting to Her Majesty the gallant deeds of those officers and men who were at that moment passing before King Edward. The three elder children of the Duke of Cornwall and York viewed the brilliant scene from a window. The venerable Duke of Cambridge was a conspicuous figure in the glowing group on the dais. His Majesty cannot have failed to thank most heartily Major-General Sir Henry Trotter and Colonel Ricardo for their assiduous help from first to last.

*Prince Edward's Birthday.*

Next Sunday (June 23) Prince Edward of York will receive the congratulations of the whole Empire on the celebration of his seventh birthday, and it does not require much imagination to realise what tender messages will wend their way home from far-off New Zealand. King Edward and Queen Alexandra are fulfilling in overflowing measure their promise to their son and to his Consort, "We will take care of the children." Prince Edward, Prince Albert, and Princess Victoria accompany their grandparents to every great function of the kind likely to be amusing and instructive to children of their tender years, and the fashion in which the elder Prince takes the salute greatly amuses the public.

*A Friend of the Queen's.*

Lady Alice Stanley, on whom Queen Alexandra paid a call while staying at Windsor, has long been one of Her Majesty's more intimate friends, as well as a member of her new Household. Coworth Park, Sunningdale, where Lady Alice had the pleasure of entertaining the Queen to tea, is well known to the Sovereign and his Consort, for the charming estate, which is within a drive of Windsor, was often during the earlier years of their married life taken by their Majesties for Ascot Week. Queen Victoria was very fond of paying informal visits in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and it would seem as if Queen Alexandra would in this matter follow the late Sovereign's example. Surprise visits are among the pleasures and privileges denied to Royal personages. In every case a message is despatched some hours beforehand informing the host or hostess of the honour in store.

*The Lobby.*

Never was the Lobby of the House of Commons gayer than it is in these June afternoons. Ladies dressed in the brightest fashions flutter through the corridors about five o'clock and peep into the House through the window at the inner door before going to tea on the Terrace. Smart Society takes pleasure in

the Lobby, and members ambitious of a place in Society gladly pay attention to such visitors. Mr. Chamberlain is, of course, the lion of the House. When he crosses the Lobby, with sharp glance and vigorous stride, all eyes are turned to him. He absorbs attention whenever he lingers there. Members as well as strangers watch his features with close, amused scrutiny.

*French Visitors at St. Stephen's.*

An extraordinary sensation was caused in the Lobby and on the Terrace when Madame Sarah Bernhardt appeared there. Her visit produced as lively a flutter as would be excited by any Princess. Everyone sought to do her honour. The great actress peeped in at the doorway in the fashionable way, and subsequently sat for a few minutes in the Gallery of the House of Commons. Maître and Madame Labori have been twice in the Parliamentary precincts. They visited the Lower House when it reassembled after the recess, and subsequently they returned to see "the other place." On the latter occasion they were introduced to the Marquis of Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire. Both statesmen conversed with the great French advocate for several minutes, Maître Labori's manner being quite captivating.

*The Parliamentary Achilles.*

Sir William Harcourt has emerged from his tent again. It is customary to speak of his confessed affection for his "own fireside," but this simile is untimely in summer. For several weeks Sir William disappeared from public view. He remained away from the House while the regular Opposition leaders were attacking the Army Reform scheme and the Budget Bill. He returned to vote with the Government against the extreme Radical amendments to the Civil List. With Mr. Keir Hardie, and his flaming red tie and Socialist sentiments, nobody has less sympathy than the Squire of Malwood. He is a very good Liberal, but he is not at all a bad aristocrat.

*The Dogs and the Duchess at Ranelagh.*

Next Saturday (June 22) opens at Ranelagh what promises to be a very charming Dog Show. Fox-terriers will be shown by all and sundry, the President and the Head of the Show being the Duchess of Newcastle, who is, perhaps, the greatest authority living not only concerning this breed, but also in regard to the splendid Russian hounds known as Borzois. Some valuable prizes are to be awarded during the day, including a £20 ruby, diamond, and sapphire pin, which will be given to the fortunate owner of the best wire-haired terrier. Should the weather only prove propitious, it is likely that dog-lovers in their thousands will find their way to this most charming of suburban Clubs, which, notwithstanding its age—for Ranelagh was famous as a place of entertainment early in the last century—remains easily first among its kind, all attempts to found rivals having been unsuccessful.

*Ranelagh Parties.*

When the hot weather is really upon us, a great feature of Ranelagh will be the evening fêtes and functions. Many people there entertain their friends, every arrangement connected with the catering being exceptionally good.

*The Brother of Our Queen in Abbazia.*

King George I. of Greece, brother of our Queen, has just paid a visit to Abbazia, the fashionable watering-place on the Adriatic, the Austrian Riviera. He arrived in his ship, the *Psara*, and dined with the King and Queen of Roumania, who are making a long stay there. The King



THE KINGS OF GREECE AND ROUMANIA AND SUITE GOING TO LUNCH ON THE "PSARA."

of Roumania is very popular in Abbazia, and the town and harbour were beautifully illuminated in honour of the Royalties. A great luncheon-party took place on board the *Psara*. The snapshots depict the King of Roumania on his daily walk, and a Royal party going to the *Psara*.



Prince Arthur of Connaught.

The 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars, as a regiment, is proud in having once again a Prince Arthur on its muster-roll. This is Prince Arthur of Connaught, the second child and the only son of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The young Prince, who was born

on Jan. 13, 1883, has just joined this distinguished corps, after graduating at the Royal Military College. His father also served for a while, 1874-5, in the Queen's Own Hussars, at which time he held the rank of Major. This was immediately prior to his transferment to the Rifle Brigade.

Prince Arthur, who is for his age a remarkably well-grown and handsome lad, bears a somewhat strong facial resemblance to his cousin, the German Emperor, and will, no doubt, prove to be in his regiment as great a favourite as he was at Eton and again at Sandhurst. His winning manners and unaffected demeanour endear him to everyone, and, if there is anything in the theory of heredity, he should—he is a young fellow who takes himself seriously, and hopes to make a real study of the great profession he has entered—distinguish himself, for it is not given to every youth to be the grandson of so really great a soldier as the "Red Prince" was, and to be cradled literally in the lap of the British Army. He has breathed

the military spirit from the moment of his birth, and all his training has been directed towards equipping him for the step he has just taken.

Aldershot, where he is now stationed with his regiment, he knows well—indeed, there can scarcely be any portion of the vast terrain with

which he is not familiar. During the five years that his father, the Duke of Connaught, commanded the station, there was scarcely ever a field-day that was not attended by the Duchess and her three children, the latter in charge of Mr. J. Carnaghan, Royal Horse Artillery, who taught Prince Arthur and his sisters riding. At Eton, Prince Arthur lived at Mr. Benson's house, and in no possible way were exceptions made or the rules of discipline or the customs of the school relaxed in his favour. He "fagged" exactly as other juniors did, but did not excel very greatly at outdoor games or sports. This is probably to be accounted for from the fact that one of his legs is slightly short, and that he has to wear one boot with a somewhat higher heel than the other. The blemish can, however, scarcely be discerned when walking, and it apparently occasions him no inconvenience whatever whilst riding. At the time of the death of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, it afforded no one greater satisfaction than it did the young Prince when, on his own behalf and on behalf of his son, the Duke of Connaught renounced his right to the succession. This decision gave intense delight not only to Prince Arthur, but also to his school-fellows, especially at the time it was arrived at, owing to circumstances which at this date need not be specifically referred to.

The 7th Hussars is one of the very best and most sporting regiments in the King's service. Its honours list includes "Dettingen," "Orthes," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," and "Lucknow," and at the present time it has serving in various Staff appointments in the Army probably a larger number of officers than any other regiment of horse. The total includes Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas Haig, who has served with such eminent distinction during the War as Chief Staff Officer of the Cavalry Division under General French; Major Poore, the eminent swordsman who two and three years ago did such mighty things for Hampshire in the cricket-field, and for over a year past has been Provost-Marshal of the South African Field Force; and Major R. G. Brooke, who in the earlier stages of the War rendered conspicuous service as Commandant of one of the irregular corps of horse. The 7th Hussars have on several occasions won the Polo Championship of the Army.

*My South African Mail-Bag.*

"Pierrot" writes me from Mauzinyama, near Bulawayo, in this bully way O!—"DEAR SKETCH,—On Sept. 27, 1899, you published a photo of 'Pierrot' and 'Pierrette,' taken after a fancy-dress ball held at the Grand Hotel, Bulawayo. It may interest you to know that, shortly after the photo was taken, we two—that is, 'Pierrette' and myself—were married. I now beg to enclose two little snapshots of our 'Petite Pierrette,' aged eleven months. The facilities for photography seventy-five miles from anywhere—anywhere' meaning Bulawayo—are not numerous, but I think we can at least claim originality for the grouping of 'Ready for Cooking' and 'A Few Pumpkins.'—Sincerely yours, 'PIERROT.'" So prosper all good *Sketchites*!

"The Sketch" and Khaki. Another photo on this page, courteously forwarded to me by Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Harden, shows two gallant British officers keeping in touch with the Old Country by studying the pages of this journal. It does me good to note that one of the gentlemen has actually deferred the reading of a (doubtless) most tender missive from home the while he criticises and admires the portrait of a celebrated Society belle.

*A Flying Squadron—of Pigeons.*

The Navy has a "reserve force" in the shape of a thousand or so of trained pigeons, which, in the event of war, could, it is assumed, be usefully employed in carrying messages between ship and shore. The American Naval authorities seem to think that these "feathered Jack Tars" will be superseded by wireless telegraphy, but we don't hear that there is any idea at Whitehall of "disestablishing" the pigeon-lofts at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport.



PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT IN SANDHURST CADET UNDRRESS UNIFORM.

*Photo by Russell, Windsor.*



"PETITE PIERRETTE" AND A FEW PUMPKINS.



"PETITE PIERRETTE" READY FOR COOKING.



WITH GENERAL BRUCE HAMILTON'S FORCE: ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH MAIL, AT ALI WAL NORTH.

*"That's a pretty girl, old man!"*



*Death of Lord Wantage, V.C.*

Lord Wantage, V.C., whose death occurred on the 10th inst., was one of the earliest recipients of that most coveted of military decorations—the Victoria Cross. This was conferred upon him for the conspicuous gallantry which he displayed in leading a battalion of the Scots Guards at the Battle of the Alma. On this occasion—which, by the way, was the first time he had ever been in action—he carried the regimental flag. In 1885 he was raised to the Peerage under the title of Lord Wantage. Although his connection with the Regular Army ceased shortly after the close of the Crimean campaign, he continued to take an active interest in military matters up to the day of his death. In particular was this the case with regard to the Volunteer Force, of which he was one of the staunchest adherents. His lordship, who is survived by Lady Wantage, leaves no heir to his title.

*The late General Digby Willoughby.*

The death of Digby Willoughby, which occurred at Goring-on-Thames, where the quondam soldier-of-fortune, auctioneer, actor, and Commander-in-Chief of the Malagasy forces had, in broken health, though he had only attained the age of fifty-six, been resident for some time, will be regretted by not a few in various parts of His Majesty's widespread dominions. Thirty years ago, Digby Willoughby went to South Africa, raised and gave his name to a regiment of irregular horse; he took an active part in the Basuto and Zulu Wars. In the latter campaign he commanded a Natal mounted corps. When resident for some time at Maritzburg, he was one of the best-known and most popular men in the town, and this was enhanced by his appearances now and again on the stage and his duties on the auctioneer's rostrum at Scoones'. His love of adventure took him to Madagascar, where he was appointed by the Queen of that island Minister-Plenipotentiary, and commanded her army of twenty thousand before the French-Malagasy War. In 1886, Willoughby returned to England, and was well received, though it was impossible, as he desired, to accept him, being still a British subject, as an envoy. When war was declared with this country in 1899, Willoughby returned to South Africa in the same ship as Sir Redvers Buller, but the condition of his health necessitated his speedy home-coming. "Peace to his ashes!" will be the involuntary expression of many as they read the tidings of his death.

*The Marquis of Tullibardine, D.S.O.*

Though an officer of a crack Household regiment, the Royal Horse Guards, familiarly known as the "Blues," Captain the Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Atholl, is not by any means a stay-at-home soldier. Not satisfied with winning the "D.S.O." for the Khartoum Expedition, the noble Marquis has done good work in South Africa and has been largely instrumental in raising the "Scottish Horse" at Johannesburg. In acknowledging the receipt of a case of field-glasses, sent by the London Caledonian Society, he throws a rather amusing light on the composition of his second regiment of "Scottish" Horse. His first regiment, he says, is some seven hundred strong, and consists chiefly of South African Scots. It has already done and is doing good service, but has sustained many casualties. The second "Scottish" regiment consists of an Australian Contingent (which the noble Marquis says is the best set of cavalymen he has yet met with) and men from home, and, when these latter improve in their riding, it will be "a real fine regiment." Commanding this second corps is a Highlander, Major Murray of the "Black Watch," and, curiously enough, the Adjutant is also an infantryman, Captain Lindsay,

of the Seaforth's. The Marquis says he expects great things of his second regiment, which was about "to trek after Botha and other lesser lights."

*The New "V.C.'s."*

His Majesty has graciously signified his intention of conferring the much-prized little gun-metal decoration on five more officers and men of the Army in South Africa. Two of these are Colonials and three belong to the Regular Forces.



THE LATE LORD WANTAGE, V.C.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Captain N. R. House, of the New South Wales Medical Staff Corps, gets the Cross for going out at Vredefort, under a heavy cross-fire, to bring in a wounded man. Lieutenant (now Captain and Brevet-Major) J. E. I. Masterson, of the brave Devons, is awarded the coveted decoration for his gallantry at Wagon Hill, where, after leading one of the companies of his regiment which made the famous charge, he took a message to the Imperial Light Horse across an open space swept by the fire of the enemy, and, though badly wounded in both thighs, managed to crawl to his destination. In an engagement near Strijdenburg, Corporal Clements, of Rimington's Horse, the third recipient, though badly wounded through the lungs, instead of surrendering when called upon to do so, threw himself into the midst of five Boers, shot three of them with his revolver, and, with two unwounded men of his regiment, made several prisoners. The fourth "V.C." is Private Ravenhill, of the Scots Fusiliers, who at Colenso assisted in saving one of the guns, after many attempts under a heavy fire. The fifth is Sergeant Firth, of the West Riding Regiment, who was severely wounded whilst bringing in a helpless comrade, this being his second act of heroism.

*Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson, C.B.*

Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson, of the Coldstream Guards, has, since his return to Africa, been doing splendid work in command of a column. Recommended most highly by Earl Roberts in his latest despatch, he has lost no time in showing that the "C.B." conferred on him was well deserved. Though a Guards officer, Sir Henry has seen a lot of foreign service. As a Captain of the King's Royal Rifles, he served in the Burmese Expedition of 1886-7 with the Mounted Infantry, being mentioned in despatches and getting the medal and clasp. He was also "A.D.C." to "Bobs" himself for two years. In 1898 he was in Egypt as "D.A.A.G." to Lord Kitchener, and for the Nile Expedition he was again mentioned and received the medal and star. He succeeded to the baronetcy in 1895.



LOCKINGE HOUSE, WANTAGE, BERKSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE LATE LORD WANTAGE, V.C.

Photo by Reveley, Wantage.



Poet, Novelist,  
Dramatist.

In Mr. Robert Buchanan passed away a curious type of the mid-Victorian man of genius whose chief bane was his own versatility. When he first burst on the London world of letters, early in the 'sixties, the critics hailed in him the new poet who was to revive a dying art. George Eliot



THE LATE MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

took him under her powerful wing, and it was at The Priory that he was first introduced to many of his future friends and—enemies. Poor Buchanan was, above all things, a fighter. He delighted in quarrels, and sought them as eagerly as other men avoid them. His first volume, "Undertones," was published in 1860, and his last volume of verse, "The New Rome," issued in December 1898, originated in a suggestion of Mr. Herbert Spencer to the effect that Mr. Buchanan should devote himself to "a satire on the times." About a twelvemonth ago a characteristically virile article, "The Voice of the Hooligan," appeared in the *Contemporary* from Mr. Buchanan's pen.

It was a severe criticism, it will be remembered, of the poetry and influence of Mr. Kipling, and evoked a rejoinder from Sir Walter Besant. Of late years he had fallen sadly out of the kindly, genial Bohemian set of which he had been such an ornament, and who retained a pleasant memory of his strenuous and vigorous personality. A little more and Robert Buchanan might have become a solidly successful playwright.

The late Sir Walter  
Besant.

By the death on June 9th of Sir Walter Besant at his Hampstead home, a severe loss has been sustained in literary circles, for to the pen which he wielded with such grace and facility for thirty-three years we are indebted for many books that we could ill spare. His "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," for example, directed the thoughts of the West-End towards the necessities of the East-End, and gave London its much-needed "People's Palace." He did much also to promote the study of London's ancient history, and both wrote and lectured extensively on this subject. Only a few weeks ago, for instance, he published the third of a series of volumes dealing with this theme. As a novelist, Sir Walter's name is familiar throughout the English-speaking world, his popularity among readers of all classes being for years past very great. Despite the constant and heavy calls upon his time, he contrived

to do a great deal for those members of his craft who were less happily circumstanced than himself. Indeed, the literary aspirant never had a firmer friend or one more ready to espouse his cause than the late Sir Walter Besant.

One of Queen  
Victoria's  
Favourite Authors.

Notwithstanding the fact that his name was so often before the public, Walter Besant was the least self-advertising of men, and, as far as I know, the following little story, which naturally gave him great pleasure when it was repeated to him, has never yet been published. When the late Sovereign had submitted to her by Lord Rosebery the names of those to whom it was considered advisable she should grant the honour of Knighthood, the Queen, with the bright, illuminating smile which was one of her great charms, and which no portrait ever really conveyed, exclaimed, "The author of 'Dorothy



THE LATE SIR WALTER BESANT.

Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

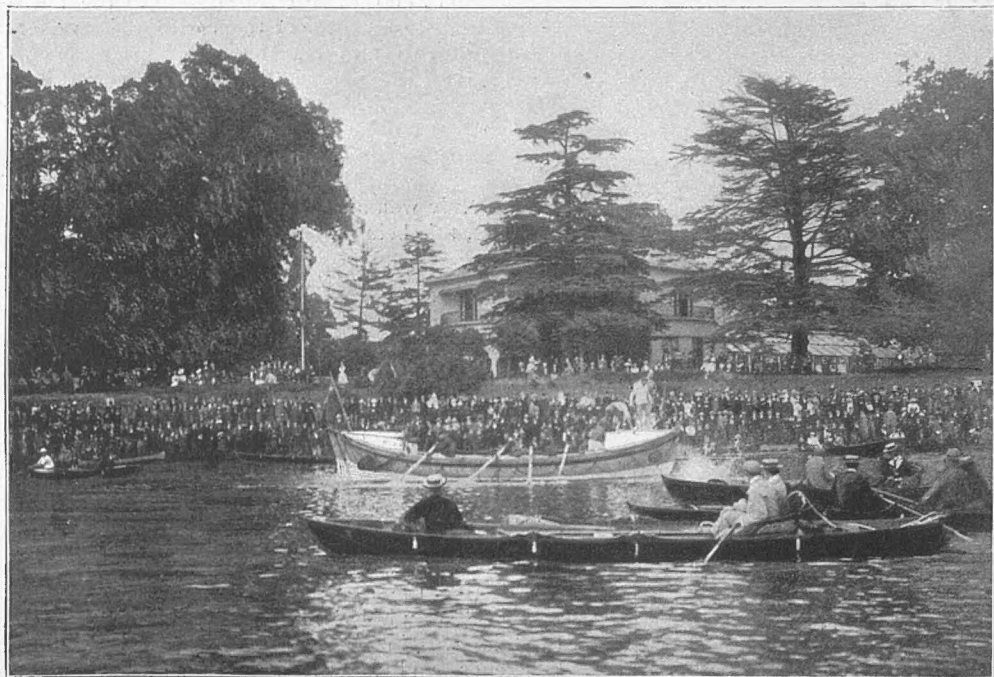
Foster'? Indeed, yes! he is well worthy to also become Sir Walter," in allusion, of course, to Besant's great master in the art of historic fiction. Her Majesty's affection for perhaps the most charming of Besant's stories was shared by many distinguished people—indeed, one well-known literary man, to whom Besant was as kind as he always was to those who needed a helping hand, christened his little daughter "Dorothy Foster," after Sir Walter's ideal heroine. Writing first in collaboration with the late Mr. James Rice, with whom he produced "Ready-Money Mortiboy" and several other clever novels, Sir Walter Besant latterly wrote solely under his own name.

Sir Walter and the  
War.

Sir Walter Besant took a double interest in the South African War. Both his sons—Philip, in the Warwickshire Regiment, and Geoffrey, a gallant Yeoman—are still fighting for King and country; and many years ago—in fact, when Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund—Sir Walter became, in a sense, really intimate with the future Lord Kitchener, with whom he always kept up the most friendly and, indeed, affectionate relations. Like all those who came across the famous General as a young man, Sir Walter was much impressed by Kitchener's force of will and iron determination. It should be placed to the credit of Sir Walter Besant that he was one of the founders of the Atlantic Union.

The Albany Club.

In sunny weather there is no Club pleasanter to lounge in than the Albany, which is shown in the up-the-river snapshot I give of the Lifeboat Gala witnessed from the delightful lawn on the 8th inst. It was a glorious afternoon, and this rustic pleasure ground Teddington and Kingston attracted a large number of members and visitors, who had reason to be grateful for the cheery hospitality of the Albany Club.



THE LIFEBOAT CARNIVAL IN TEDDINGTON REACH: THE ALBANY CLUB IN THE BACKGROUND.



*Lady Warwick's  
Clever Sister.*

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who has organised the great Lifeboat Fête which takes place at Stafford House next week (26th), is the only sister of Lady Warwick and the half-sister of the Duchess of Sutherland. She is one of the prettiest and cheeriest women in Society, and her benefactions at Boughton Castle, near Banbury, are deservedly famed. Like her elder sister, Lady Algernon is a notable gardener, and at Boughton she has turned the moat into the most exquisite of aquatic gardens. Her love of flowers is shared by her only child, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, who bids fair to be as beautiful a débutante as was Miss "Daisy" Maynard in the long-ago.

*Lady Chess-Players  
v. Cambridge  
University.*

The most charming chess match of the season was played at Cambridge, a few days ago, between Mrs. Bowles' team of fifteen ladies from the South of England and fifteen of the 'Varsity players. Leaving London early in the morning, the ladies were met at Cambridge by the President and members of the Chess Club, who had challenged the match, which started at eleven o'clock and continued for two and a-half hours. At the call of time it was found that the ladies had been beaten by ten to five. They had, however, scored well on the first eight boards, of which they won their five games, the winners being Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Arthur Smith (Brighton), Miss Renton, and Mrs. Jonghin, whilst Miss Read and Mrs. Lewis W. Lewis both drew. Mr. Tattersall and Mr. Softlaw were among the well-known players who won for Cambridge. A sumptuous lunch was provided, at which the President proposed the health of the ladies and expressed the hope that similar contests might be held annually. This was most enthusiastically received, and Mrs. Bowles, in responding, accepted the challenge for next year.

A delightful programme followed, the students conducting their visitors through the Colleges, Chapels, and other interesting places. Mrs. Catlin, of Caius House, gave a garden-party in her beautiful grounds, to which the teams were invited, and, after that, a trip was made to witness the last of the river races; then farewells had to be made, and the ladies, waving adieus from their saloon windows, left Cambridge station echoing again and again with cheers from the throats of the breezy undergrads.

*Some Notable  
Engagements.*

Engagements are the order of the day. Perhaps the most interesting from a social point of view is that of Lady Muriel Fox-Strangways, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Ilchester, to the Hon. Charles Harris.

Lady Muriel has often helped her beautiful mother to do the honours of Holland House, and, should the wedding take place before the end of the Season, she will be married from that most enchanting of historic London houses, whose splendid park, which might be situated a hundred miles from the Marble Arch, will form an ideal background for the wedding reception. Lord Borthwick, whose engagement to one of the daughters of Sir Mark MacTaggart Stewart is just announced, is the head of one of the oldest of Scottish families and a very charming, clever young man. Lady Alexandra Finch, not the least good-looking of the charming group of the Queen's god-daughters, is to marry Mr. Danby.



LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX (LADY WARWICK'S SISTER).

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

*A Peer's Marriage.* Quite at the end of this month takes place the marriage of Lord Guilford to Miss Violet Pawson. Lord Guilford has now been for some time one of the most eligible bachelors in Society, for, though he will be only five-and-twenty next November, he succeeded his father sixteen years ago, and so had a long minority. He is as keenly interested in sport as is his distinguished uncle, Sir George Chetwynd, and Waldershare, his fine estate near Dover, is famed for its shooting. The future Lady Guilford is a niece of Lord St. Vincent. She comes herself of a well-known Northumberland family, and is a step-daughter of Mr. John Howard, of Sibton Hall.

*All for Love—* The engagement of Lord Bagot's pretty widowed sister, Mrs. Hamar Bass, to Mr. Shaw, one of the popular curates of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, is not only interesting in itself, for the bride has long been a popular personality, but she is said to be losing by her marriage a jointure amounting to the enormous sum of £20,000 a-year! Mrs. Hamar Bass, whose late husband was a brother of Lord Burton, is the mother of the heir-presumptive to Lord Burton's baronetcy.

*Mrs. Helen Trust.* One of the most agreeable entertainments of the Season was the concert given at the handsome new Bechstein Hall by Mrs. Helen Trust, the beautiful, auburn-haired soprano whose exquisite delivery of old English songs has given her quite a unique position among our vocalists. Mrs. Trust gave a delightful collection of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century songs of our country, and, in addition, some dainty French *chansons*. She was ably supported by Miss Marian Mackenzie, whose rich contralto voice and superb method have made her very popular with our English amateurs. One of the most agreeable features of the afternoon was the quartette singing of Miss Liza Lehmann's song-cycle, "The Daisy Chain," with finely characteristic music, to child's poems by Stevenson and Norman Gale.

Mrs. Wilson Smith. Miss G. Robertson. Mr. Wiles. Miss Read. Mrs. Guest. Mr. Brown. Mrs. Jonghin. Mrs. A. Smith. Mr. Batena. Miss Renton. Mr. Colman.  
Mrs. Chapman. Miss Tapsell. Mr. Tattersall. Mrs. Sidney. Mr. Lowenthal. Mrs. Bowles. Mr. Wright. Miss Pape. Mr. Softlaw. Mrs. Johnson. Mr. Webb. Mrs. Lewis.



Mr. Pritchard. Miss M. Robertson.

Mr. Stead. Mr. Law.

LADY CHESS-PLAYERS v. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEARN, CAMBRIDGE.



### *The King and the Royal Game.*

Apropos of a recent paragraph in these columns concerning the golf-links His Majesty has had laid out in the Windsor grounds at Frogmore, it is interesting to recall that it was by Sir James Gardiner Baird that King Edward, some forty years ago, was first initiated into the mysteries of the royal game on the classic links at Musselburgh. The golf-sticks used by the King—he was then a student at Edinburgh—are at present on view in the Glasgow Exhibition, in a section of that great show from which some devotees of the popular pastime are never absent. There is a rumour, by the way, that does not seem to be without some foundation, to the effect that the King has the intention of building a new royal residence near Cromer. Lord Suffield has, at any rate, been on a business visit to that locality, and the site, near the famous golf-links, is reported to have been selected. His Majesty, who likes better in the matter of golf to provide for the amusement of his guests than to play himself, would find this easy in the neighbourhood of Poppyland.

### *Golfing Champions.*

A Scotsman, James Braid by name, being once more Champion Golfer—after a lapse, by-the-bye, of eight years—wearers of the thistle can view with complaisance the subsequent doughty deeds of others on Scottish soil. It would be idle to deny that Braid—splendid driver and much-improved putter—richly deserved his success at Muirfield, but since that all-important event he has not shone so conspicuously as the runner-up, Harry Vardon. The round of the Edinburgh Burgess Society's green in 71 by the latter on the day after the Championship was but a prelude to the grand record score of 68 over the Morton Hall Golf Club course by the same player. Braid, J. H. Taylor, and A. Herd were all playing over these last-named links, and, singularly enough, the nearest approach to Vardon's fine score was J. H. Taylor's 70, which was two strokes

better than the best score made by Braid. There is, however, little to choose between James Braid, H. Vardon, and J. H. Taylor, Champion and ex-Champions.

"Still undefeated!" was the exclamation which, doubtless, escaped many lips at the close of play at Bradford on Wednesday last. It was

Surrey who caused the Yorkshiremen anxiety. Though 118 behind on the first innings, they set the Champions 314 to win, with three hours and forty minutes still available for play. Yorkshire played for a draw and met with success, and those who are so constantly decrying the number of unfinished games will probably reckon this as one of their causes for regret. But who can say there was not as much excitement in this finish as if the match had been played out? Each wicket that fell was cause for fresh excitement, and, while Yorkshiremen on the third day had reason to be delighted at defeat being averted, they were in the humour to give every credit to Surrey for a fine performance.

### *The Tenniel Banquet.*

Sir John Tenniel bore his blushing honours modestly at the memorable banquet at the Hôtel Métropole last Wednesday night, when Mr. F. C. Burnand and the *Punch* staff and a brilliant galaxy of politicians, social celebrities, artists, and eke of journalists assembled to pay homage to the distinguished cartoonist whose praises were sung so eloquently, so earnestly, and so well by Mr. Arthur Balfour. The speech of Mr. Choate, the American Minister, was wittiest and most humorous; that of Sir John Tenniel the most affecting by reason of its brevity. Speaking of *Punch*, MM. Bradbury, Agnew, and Co., Limited, the proprietors, issue from the same office at the end of the month a new illustrated publication, under the editorship of Mr. E. T. Reed (of "Prehistoric Peeps" fame), entitled "Mr. Punch's Holiday Book." Welcome!



JAMES BRAID, WINNER OF THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.



JAMES BRAID STUDYING HIS PUT AT MUIRFIELD, NEAR NORTH BERWICK.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN PATRICK, EDINBURGH.



*Réjane.* Madame Réjane (writes *The Sketch* Paris Correspondent, in speaking of the brilliant French actress who has made her welcome reappearance in London) has become, like Madame Sarah Bernhardt, a globe-trotter. Her first great tour was made in the United States. In Spain and Portugal she was received



PARIS BATTLE OF FLOWERS: MDLLE. CLÉO DE MÉRODE'S CARRIAGE DECORATED WITH ORCHIDS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

with enthusiasm. The Queens of these countries loaded her with favours. The Queen-Regent of Spain gave her a span of beautiful white mules, which created a sensation in the Bois when Madame Réjane took them out for an airing.

*Madame Réjane's Real Name.* Gabrielle Charlotte Réju, called Réjane, while playing at the Paris Odéon married the director of that theatre, M. Porel. Seven years ago, M. Porel took the direction of the Vaudeville, and at the same time Victorien Sardou furnished Réjane with the famous play "Madame Sans-Gêne," which has netted millions of francs.

*The Flower-Battle.* Just half-a-dozen lines (continues my Paris Correspondent) to sum up the impression of the Bataille des Fleurs. The Marquis of Anglesey won the first prize, just as he had instructed the florist. The latter asked his Lordship how much he wished to spend on decoration. The reply was typically phlegmatic—"I ordered you to decorate the carriage so that it would win the first prize." Réjane had adopted the somewhat Napoleonic system of decorating her carriage with a majestic "R"; but Cléo de Mérode was delicious in a victoria so arranged as to suggest the *corbeille* of flowers so dear to the theatrical art. She really looked as though she were seated in an Easter-egg.

*Dinard.* I have exceptionally good reasons for stating that, in his Continental wanderings, Dinard will be the favourite resort of the King. I can add with authority that His Majesty has treated, as have all his subjects on the Continent, with the same profound contempt, the stupid attacks on his person and on England generally. In case of a plébiscite for a King, I should hesitate to say whether England or Belgium would carry their candidate for the Throne of France, as both Monarchs are so popular with the French.

*Sybil Sanderson.* I saw Sybil Sanderson at the Opéra-Comique in "Phryne." Those who had pretended that trouble had ruined her voice were routed. The reception she received was memorable, and the good wishes as represented by floral tributes would have covered an acre. She was as exquisite as ever.

*A World on Wheels.* I shall leave the Gare de l'Est on the night of June 27 to see the great automobile race to Berlin, which starts from Champigny at half-past three in the morning. I was assured at the Automobile Club to-day by the Baron de Zuyclan that he believed that over a thousand machines would take part, and already there are one hundred and seventy-five racers alone, to say nothing of the hundreds of touring machines. I should imagine that no such race has ever taken place before, and under such patronage. Imagine for one moment a cup from the German Emperor, from the King of the Belgians, the President of the French Republic, the Grand Dukes of Oldenburg and Luxembourg! In addition, makers of tyres and machines offer £7000 in hard cash. I hear that some annoyance has been caused by the decision to pass through Sedan. This might easily have been avoided by using the lower road, which is almost as direct. I can destroy the mystery about the Madame de G. who is anxious to race for speed and compete with the most experienced racers. It is Madame de Gastes, who hides an extremely beautiful face under the wire-gauze mask and who has a solid leather jacket. A

friend of mine, whom she took down to Versailles, says that the fair *chauffeuse* considers fifty-five miles slow on a straight road.

*A Joke Against the French Premier.* A distinctly practical joke which involves M. Waldeck-Rousseau in its meshes has just leaked out. The Prime Minister, addressing some Society for Life-saving, had expressed his regret that he could not decorate all the gallant men. To his surprise, a gentleman took the floor and handed out the blue rosette in the name of the Government amid loud applause. M. Rousseau was taken aback, and immediately telegraphed to Paris, only to find that he was the victim of a practical joker.

*"Le Figaro."* I am afraid that affairs in the Rue Drouot are slightly more critical than the best friends of that estimable journal care to think. By means of the simple subterfuge of looking over the files, I managed to get in when M. Prestat and his friends arrived to turn out M. Périer. The spectacle was amusing for the gallery, but not for a journalist who respects his profession. One does not care to hear talk openly of bribery and reckless corruption, and to see the doors of various rooms being sealed up by the police. Périer will, I am assured, never be a chief, and the famous editor Cornély simply said to a friend of mine, "I have two years' salary to come. I shall reduce my expenses, and shall never notice the difference at the end of that time."

*Une Thaïs Pour Rire.* At the museum of M. Guimet is being exhibited a mummy of Thaïs. It is described as having been discovered in Egypt, and it is admitted that it is not the famous courtesan, but a Christian martyr who was decapitated and burnt. The discoverer seems to hesitate as to what he could discover if he had a few thousand francs at his disposal. Mummified Egyptian cats had at one time a saleable value in England. Try that.

*Cricket Scores: Individual and Collective.* The praises of Mr. C. B. Fry have frequently been sung, but never perhaps more deservedly than at the present time. In three consecutive innings recently, the highest being 244, he scored nearly 500 runs, a total which would be very good if the result of half a season's work. Two other cricketers, at the commencement of last week, made over 200 runs in an innings, their names being Captain Greig (Hampshire) and Mr. M. Hathorn (South Africans). That of the last-named was associated with the total of 692 made by the South Africans against Cambridge University, whose bowlers were not flattered by such a score and whose batsmen could not avert defeat.



BUST OF NELSON UPON PART OF MAINMAST OF "VICTORY."  
ONE OF THE NELSON RELICS JUST PRESENTED BY THE KING TO THE UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.



# THE SOCIAL JESTER



## I SEE SOUTHSEA AND—SLEEP.

I AM not insinuating, my dear young lady, that the people of Southsea are less wide-awake than the inhabitants of other seaside towns. Indeed, had I ever ventured to form that opinion, I should have been compelled to abandon it for ever after witnessing the almost incredible activity displayed by the chambermaid, the head-waiter, the boots, and the hall-porter of the hotel during the ten minutes or so previous to my departure. But I certainly think that the atmosphere makes strangers nod.

I have a friend at Southsea. He has lived in the place all his life, and knows Southsea, and Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight as well as you know your own fair dimples. He is endowed, moreover, with all the qualities necessary for the making of a first-rate guide, namely, the patience of a waiter, the enthusiasm of a company-promoter, the cunning of a cat, the urbanity of an innkeeper, and the activity of a squirrel. In addition to these so varied gifts, I may add, he has a fine taste in old whisky.

It was a little after ten o'clock in the morning when we left the hotel and set out to see things. My friend had asked me, overnight, what I would like to see, and I had answered, also overnight, "Everything." By his expression when he turned up at the hotel in the morning, I saw that he meant to keep me to my word. We started off, therefore, with the barracks. Of course, one lot of barracks is very much like another, but I was not going to show the white feather at that time of day. We did the barracks thoroughly, and then made a bee-line for a dear old gun that went down with the *Royal George* and was fished up again. There is an inscription on the gun about the matter, and my friend suggested that I should copy the inscription into my note-book. I said I thought I should like to do this, but that I must sit down on the gun while I was doing it. He said if I sat on the gun I couldn't read the inscription, and I replied that I didn't mind so much about reading the inscription so long as I could sit on the gun. Whilst we were threshing the matter out, I lay down on the grass, and this reminded my friend that we still had the whole of Portsmouth to do, to say nothing of the *Victory* and the Isle of Wight. So he rushed away up the street and I was forced to hobble after him.

We next came to anchor in front of the "George Hotel"—the house that Nelson slept in the night before the Battle of Trafalgar. My friend and I stood on the pavement further away from the hotel, and he told me, in impressive tones and long sentences, the whole story of Nelson. Whenever he came to a comma, I opened my mouth to speak; at a semicolon, I nodded my head in the direction of the bar; at a colon, I blurted out, "Suppose we—"; and a full-stop found me sitting on the kerb with my head against a lamp-post.

The next point of interest—we never went inside the "George,"



THE DRIVER WAS QUITE AN ENTHUSIAST

after all—was the house in which Felton stabbed Buckingham. Oddly enough, the house adjoining Buckingham House is called Felton House. Furthermore, it is at present occupied by a lawyer. I jotted down a sleepy little joke about that in my pocket-book, but, somehow or other, I can't read it now.

Anyhow, I dare say it wasn't up to much. It is impossible to joke at Southsea. To be perfectly happy in that part of the world, one needs only a shady nook, some soft grass, and a lot of spare time. I hinted at something of this kind to my friend, but he said that the man who left Southsea without having seen the *Victory* was not a man, but a worm. My reply to this amused me so much—at the time—that I nearly fell off the quay. My answer was bifarious. I said that a mere worm couldn't be expected to take much interest in sight-seeing, and, again, it was a long worm that had no turning.

Once on board the *Victory*—no; my friend didn't laugh—and the real work of the day began. There is a deck to the ship, and a lower deck, and a still lower deck, and a very low deck. Then comes the hold. We stopped short of the hold, but that was about the only thing we missed. We had another guide on the *Victory*—a big, fine man, and well acclimatised. Nothing seemed to tire him. He was just as happy climbing up and down the gangways as he was showing us the pictures illustrating the life of the great Admiral. And he had so much to say about everything that I had to stand in at least five positions for each speech. Once, to my huge delight, I thought I was in jail, stretched out on a plank-bed. The relief was heavenly until a warder came and dragged me off the bed to see his stamp-album. Of course, it wasn't really a warder, but just my friend and the other guide waking me up to look at the place where Nelson died. I was very peevish, and ended by bumping my head against the deck above. Really, the way in which they used to make those old ships was too absurd for words.

"Now," said my friend, when we got off the *Victory* and were being pulled back to the beautiful dry land by a 'longshoreman with perpetual rheumatism in all his limbs, "we shall just have time to catch a boat across to the Isle of Wight. We can get a snack of lunch on board, so as not to waste any time when we land."

"I suppose one ought to see this island place?" I ventured.

"See it?" he almost screamed. "Good gracious, man, it's the Garden of England! Besides, you've got nothing else to do."

"No," I said, doubtfully, "I suppose not. Only—I thought—perhaps—a little—"

"Well? Out with it!"

"—A little sleep might be a good thing to have."

"Sleep? Nonsense! Sleep to-night. We shall be back by ten o'clock."

I was too drowsy to continue the argument. It would be more simple, I thought, to crawl on to the boat, curl up on a seat, and just dose. To a certain extent, I carried out this programme, although my rest would have been more refreshing if my friend had not felt obliged to wake me up fourteen times during the journey across the Solent to point out to me three times as many places of interest.

At Ryde, I am thankful to say, I outwitted him at last. I sent him off on a fool's errand, jumped into an open carriage as soon as he was gone, and told the man to drive away in the direction of the open country. The fellow took me at my word, and we were soon gently rolling over the fair, breeze-cooled hills that lie above the town. To my horror and disgust, however, the cabman considered it part of his duty to indicate, as we went along, the various spires, woods, chimneys, and so forth, that had got themselves dotted about on either side of the road. As he talked, he proved himself to be quite an enthusiast, and I really believe I should have done him a bodily harm had not I been relieved from my tortures at that moment by the merciful God of Sleep.

We had a delicious drive. I slept—and, I suppose, the driver talked—all the way. When we got back, I dropped into an unpretentious little place near the pier and had some tea. It was not very good tea, but I was too languid to mind that. When I came to pay the bill, though, I was, for the first time since I had arrived in that part of the world, effectually awakened. With all the Londoner's indignation on being overcharged, I called up the waitress and asked her, in my sternest manner, what the difference would be if I bought the island. Whilst she was calculating the thing out, it occurred to me that, if I went to sleep on the premises and passed the night there without knowing it, I should wake up a ruined man. With great presence of mind, therefore, I paid the bill, rushed down the pier, and never stopped pinching myself until I was half-way back to Southsea. Then—but not till then—I slept.



"Chicst"



## STAFFORD HOUSE.

**S**TAFFORD HOUSE, where so many notable charity entertainments take place this month, including that which bids fair to be the record philanthropic fête of the season—the function fixed for June 26, in aid of the Royal Lifeboat Institution—has been for just sixty years the town-house of the Dukes of Sutherland.

## THE YOUNG DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

is not only the most beautiful of London hostesses, but she may fairly claim to be among the most philanthropic, for, like her sister, the

When in town the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland habitually use a most charming suite of apartments situated on the ground-floor and opening out on the charming, well-wooded garden. In the dining-room hangs the famous full-length portrait of the first Duchess of Sutherland and her eldest son, Lord Stafford, as a child, and in the ante-room is a curious medallion of Garibaldi, who during his visit to England stayed at Stafford House, some notable receptions being given there in his honour.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who is generally aided in doing the honours of her beautiful London home by one of her lovely sisters, Lady Warwick, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lady Westmorland, and Lady Angela Forbes, has often entertained Royalty at Stafford House. Herself a writer, the Duchess delights in the society of intellectual and literary people, and, when little more than a bride, she accompanied her husband on a tour round the world. Accordingly, great travellers are as warmly welcomed now at Stafford House as they were in the days of her warm-hearted and enthusiastic mother-in-law.

## THE DUCHESS AS LADY BOUNTIFUL.

Perhaps the Duchess of Sutherland's pet charity is the Scottish Home Industries Association, which has for object that of assisting the Highland peasantry to dispose of their wares to the best advantage. In the hand-spinning and hand-loom weaving her Grace takes the keenest interest, and, thanks to her unceasing efforts, a good market has been found for the Scottish homespun and Harris tweeds which some years ago had become almost unprocurable. In order to help in this good work, a Garden-Party Sale, in connection with the Scottish Home Industries Association, is held each year at Stafford House. This gathering is not in any sense a bazaar, for admittance is by invitation only, but every Highland industry is duly represented in the delightful garden, and a considerable sum of money is always realised, although none of the visitors are pressed or, indeed, actually expected to make purchases unless they should really care to do so.

## A NOVEL CHARITY FÊTE.

The Lifeboat Saturday Fund is likely to greatly benefit by the wonderful fête which will be held at Stafford House on the 26th. The King and Queen have both promised their patronage. A rich feast will be offered to those members of the public who care to pay two guineas for the privilege of attending what promises to be a unique fête, for, in addition to the concert organised by Mr. Landon Ronald, the Ben Greet Company will give an outdoor performance of the "Comedy of Errors," all the State and Reception-rooms will be thrown open, while the band of the Royal Artillery will play at intervals. The "Souvenir" book, which will be sold at the price of half-a-guinea, will be particularly interesting, as it will contain, in addition to portraits of the ladies who organised the fête, views of the principal apartments and works of art in Stafford House.



THE GARDEN FRONT OF STAFFORD HOUSE, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Countess of Warwick, she takes the keenest interest in all that affects the well-being of the poor and needy. Accordingly, Stafford House holds nowadays very much the same position as that once held by Grosvenor House—that is to say, it is at once both a great social and a great philanthropic centre. In this matter the present Duchess follows in the footsteps of the late Queen's intimate friend, the present Duke's mother.

The story goes that on one occasion the late Sovereign, when paying a visit to her much-loved friend, observed, "I come from my house to your palace." London Society, less kindly than Queen Victoria, nicknamed Stafford House "Aunt Harriet's Cabin," owing to the then Duchess's enthusiastic admiration for Mrs. Beecher-Stowe.

## A UNIQUE STAIRCASE.

The most remarkable feature of Stafford House is the marble staircase, which occupies a considerable portion of the great hall of the mansion. The double row of broad marble steps, branching right and left from the half-way landing, leads the visitor to the gallery which runs round three sides of the hall, and out of which open the State Reception-rooms, including the famous Picture Gallery. Notable is a large double glass door, never thrown open save when the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are receiving a Royal visitor or on the occasion of a marriage taking place from Stafford House.

## MARVELLOUS ART-TREASURES.

Every room in Stafford House is hung with one or more art-treasures of extreme pecuniary and artistic value. In the Duchess's own pretty boudoir is an exquisite Correggio, and the great Picture Gallery, over one hundred and thirty feet in length, contains perhaps the finest private collection of paintings in London, and certainly the most charming outlook, for from the high windows can be seen delightful glimpses of the Green Park, of Buckingham Palace, and of St. James's Park. In this noble apartment many dances have taken place of late years, for the Duchess of Sutherland has often given balls for her nieces, of whom two, the Countess of Cromarty and Lady Castlereagh, were both married from Stafford House.



STAFFORD HOUSE: THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

From Photographs by H. N. King, London.



## THE ROYAL TOUR: AUCKLAND'S WELCOME.

NEW ZEALAND, following the lead of the Australian Commonwealth, gave her Royal visitors a most affectionate welcome. The loyal excitement was the greater owing to the fact that the Duke, as Prince George of Wales, had never been able to touch at "the Long White Cloud." Indeed, New Zealand has hitherto boasted of only one Royal visitor, namely, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and his sojourn there took place some thirty-odd years ago.

Perhaps many people will be surprised to learn that New Zealand became really British only in 1840, for it was in that year that the native chiefs finally acknowledged the British Sovereign as head. Now the Maoris are enthusiastically loyal to Great Britain, and they have done their best to organise what may be called a purely native welcome to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. In their Royal Highnesses' honour the largest native gathering held for over fifty years will take place at Rotorua, where tribesmen from every portion of New Zealand will be present, and a performance will take place at which a mimic battle and a Maori war-dance will be striking items.

PICTURESQUE  
AUCKLAND.

The *Ophir* will not often have occasion to anchor in a more picturesque harbour than that bounded by the fine, prosperous town which, although not now the capital of New Zealand, is in some ways perhaps the most typical of her cities, the more so that there may be found the most remarkable collection of Maori relics and curios in the Colony. The beauty of this fine harbour may be realised from the photograph published. We all rejoiced to hear that the Duke and Duchess, who have won golden opinions from all classes, had a pleasant voyage from Sydney (their arrival at Melbourne is photographed on the opposite page), and reached Auckland safely in the *Ophir* on June 10th, escorted by the cruisers *Juno* and *St. George*. Their Royal Highnesses' welcome on their entrance into Auckland was one of demonstrative heartiness.

Time was when the capital of the Colony was known as Britannia, but, by a curious irony of fate, it was finally given the name of the great soldier who in his day was a determined "Little Englander," inasmuch that he had an intense dislike to the acquisition of distant Colonies.

During their stay in Wellington the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will be the guests of Lord and Lady Ranfurly, who in their honour will give a series of splendid receptions.

LORD RANFURLY AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE

have now been in New Zealand for close on five years. Lord Ranfurly, although he claims to be descended from that doughty Scottish Puritan, John Knox, has all the Irish charm of manner, and New Zealand's gain has been Ireland's loss during the last four years. Lady Ranfurly, also an Irishwoman, was the only daughter of the seventh Viscount Charlemont. She has taken the keenest interest in Colonial matters, and will bring home with her a splendid set of paintings done by herself, for during her stay in the Colony she and Lord Ranfurly have visited all the more picturesque districts for which the Archipelago is justly famed, and which include scenery as beautiful as any in the world.

"THE CITY OF THE  
PLAINS."

From Wellington the Royal visitors will proceed to Christchurch, the charming, bright little town which might have been lifted, save that its public buildings are more splendid, straight out of some corner of rural England, for it prides itself on being quite un-Colonial, and its Cathedral, which is the principal feature, was actually copied, stone by stone, from that at Caen in which

the Crusaders once worshipped. At Christchurch the Duke of Cornwall and York will lay the foundation-stone of a Memorial about to be erected to the loyal soldiers who, belonging to the Province of Canterbury, fell for the Old Country on the South African veldt.

DUNEDIN,

the last halting-place of the Royal party, is as intensely Scottish in character as Christchurch is English. Only two years younger than the latter, it owed its being, in a measure, to the Scottish Free Kirk, and it has remained typically North British.

NEW ZEALAND LAKELAND.

It is probable that several modifications will take place concerning the sojourn of the Duke and Duchess in New Zealand. Their Royal Highnesses would much like to pay a brief visit to the Otago Lakes, of which the surrounding scenery is extraordinarily fine; in any case, they are to see something of the marvellous Geyser district.



QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.



AUCKLAND, FROM MOUNT EDEN.



THE ROYAL TOUR: MELBOURNE'S WELCOME.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK LANDING AT ST. KILDA PIER.



THE ROYAL PARTY PASSING OVER PRINCE'S BRIDGE.

FROM MELBOURNE PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. BARNETT, PARK SIDE



## MADAME RÉJANE: A "SKETCH" APPRECIATION.

IT is curious that two of the greatest living women comedians should bear names so similar as Réjane and Rehan, though they belong to different races. Ada Rehan, alas! we have not seen for several years, and her loss is severely felt; Réjane is now with us, drawing the world to

## THE HANDSOME CORONET THEATRE

(near Notting Hill Gate Station), just as Phelps used to draw London to the even more remote Sadler's Wells Theatre, which could hardly vie in beauty or comfort with the modern house in the far West. Réjane is not an old favourite of London playgoers; indeed, I believe that we had not seen her ere she appeared in 1894 at the Gaiety as the

## HEROINE OF "MADAME SANS-GÊNE,"

and took the town by storm. Even since then we have not had the pleasure of seeing much of her. "Ma Cousine" was presented in 1895 at the Garrick Theatre, and in 1897 she gave

## "FROU-FROU" and "LA DOULOUREUSE"

at the Lyric Theatre, and announced "La Maison de Poupée," without, however, fulfilling the announcement. Yet Londoners are fully aware of the fact that she is one of the few actresses really

## ENTITLED TO BE CALLED GREAT.

During Réjane's present visit to the Metropolis, apparently, we are to have nothing so curiously, even painfully, interesting as in 1897, when she and Bernhardt acted almost simultaneously in London as heroine of the wonderful acting play "Frou-Frou," and fought what, perhaps, might be called a drawn battle.

During this present visit, one hopes there will be no such competition, although it is said that Réjane will play Napoleon in "Madame Sans-Gêne," because Bernhardt as Lorenzaccio and in "Hamlet" and "L'Aiglon" has been playing masculine parts.

Some profess to find in Réjane

## A MORE MODERN METHOD OF ACTING

than in "the divine Sarah," but probably they confuse style of play with style of playing. Certainly Réjane is modern to the tips of the fingers of her eloquent hands, but the dramas that she chooses demand the *mondaine* element useless, even impossible, in the costume-plays belonging to the Bernhardt répertoire. Speaking broadly, and setting aside the question of the physical gifts lavished by Nature on Réjane, the most remarkable feature of her acting is her technical skill, a skill that renders her peculiarly delightful to the critic, who is

## FASCINATED BY HER WORK

even when she appears in a dull play. In this respect, she may certainly be preferred to Bernhardt and reasonably likened to our own Mrs. Kendal, who in pure technical accomplishment stands far ahead of all her sister artists of our stage. What critic who saw the great scene in Donnay's strangely misunderstood play, "La Douloureuse," can ever forget the

## GOOD-BYE OF THE LOVERS?

Describe in plain words the broken-hearted woman, with sorrow-stricken face, giving herself a dab of powder whilst her lover helps her to put on her cape and tucks in the sleeves of her blouse, and it sounds nothing; yet the picture of a human being presented with hardly a cry or gesture, with no visible attempt to be impressive, is ineffaceable, and remains one of the most precious memories of the critic.

It is remarkable that an artist so subtle in style, an artist capable of playing the long, complicated first Act of "Ma Cousine"

## WITHOUT RISING FROM A SOFA—

think of that compared with the "musical chairs" method of many players!—should possess the broad, energetic humour needed to give a splendid if not quite irreproachable performance in "Madame Sans-Gêne," for which, by the way, she made a careful preliminary study in a laundry of the manners and method of the *blanchisseuse*, just as she trained herself to dance a *chahut* brilliantly in "Ma Cousine," and staggered the world of Paris by her dancing. One says, "not quite irreproachable," because there were signs of over-acting in the second Act, due possibly to a desire to make her points tell with foreigners.

## "SAPHO,"

with which she begins her London season, is a play apart, a piece much on the lines of the "Zaza" in which we are not permitted to see Réjane. Her method, essentially realistic, in the fine sense of the term, naturally enables her to surprise and delight, as well, perhaps, as horrify a little, by her strong picture of the woman, a picture so striking in its suggestion of the outcome of irregular liaisons that one is not surprised to find that the claim of essential morality is made for a work at first sight rather startling even to those who will not admit a charge of prudishness. People who remember poor Daudet's novel will well understand this view of the case. As the great French actress is to give us

## "LA COURSE DU FLAMBEAU"

during her visit, playgoers will be glad, since it shows her latest triumph; whilst "La Maison de Poupée" would draw immensely, for thousands would like to see the part that made Miss Janet Achurch famous—and has been played by several others, notably Duse, in London—acted by the French actress who by dint of pure genius has won a unique place in dramatic art.

## ELLEN TERRY: AN APPRECIATION.

IT is an important moment in the career of an actress when she becomes talked about and even written of without the ceremonial "Miss" or "Mrs." Few ever really reach this delightful discourtesy, based on affection as well as admiration. Indeed, at this moment, so far as the strictly legitimate English stage is concerned, there is but one actress who, like a Bernhardt, a Duse, a Réjane, or a Rehan, has lost the customary formal form of address, and

## THAT ONE IS ELLEN TERRY.

Ask "The Man in the Street," "The Man in the Pit," "The Man in the Stalls" who is our favourite actress, and the answer will be prompt, vigorous, and true—Ellen Terry, who is as frankly recognised as our leading actress as Sir Henry Irving, her long-time partner in art, is recognised as our leading actor. And, as in the case of Bernhardt, one recognises in her the fact that she has held her proud position of

## FAVOURITE FOR MANY YEARS.

Why this affection? one may ask; and the answer is that it is based on gratitude—gratitude in the popular sense of the word; that is, thankfulness for past pleasure, and also gratitude, according to Walpole's view, as "a lively sense of future favours." Look at the past, and think what pleasure she has given! Think of

## HER EXQUISITE OLIVIA,

perfect embodiment of youth and grace, and infinitely touching in its note of pathos; of her Beatrice, rich in mocking humour and illuminated by a fierce flash of fire in the Cathedral Scene; of her tender Marguerite, her tear-compelling Ophelia! Think of her delightful performance as Ellaline in "The Amber Heart," her ripe, gay

## HUMOUR AS NANCE OLDFIELD,

her passionate Juliet! And these, of course, are not all, or even a tithe, and, indeed, omit the graver side of her art—the Lady Macbeth, strange, unconventional, yet truly impressive; the Camma in Tennyson's play; the hapless Katharine in "Henry the Eighth," irresistible in her tears; the unfortunate Rosamund in "Becket," the lamentable Desdemona, and the Cordelia whose image is still vivid in our minds. One might multiply instances, for is not

HER PORTIA AS TRULY THE PORTIA AS SIR HENRY'S SHYLOCK IS THE "EBREW JEW"

of our times, and was not her Viola a lovely creation?

There is no need to pretend that she has been perfectly successful in all the tasks imposed upon her. One could not say that of a Bernhardt or Duse or any other of her great sisters in art. Putting aside, then, any such idle claim, one can yet see the reason for her immense popularity among us, and rejoice that we have her still, and in the zenith of her power and fulness of her popularity. This season the playgoer, in the

WELCOME RETURN OF SIR HENRY TO HIS OLD HOME AND TEMPLE OF ART,

has had, and still has, a grand opportunity of seeing her to full advantage. Indeed, both aspects of her talent are displayed. As Volumnia, in the magnificent production of "Coriolanus," her dignity, her energy of style and nobility of manner, have won warm praise, soon followed by admiration due to her Clarisse de Maluçon in "Robespierre." During this month,

## "MADAME SANS-GÊNE"

exhibits her in a broad-comedy character deemed by some anticipatory critics beyond her powers, and the full, hearty laughter of the audience at her gaiety, her wilful vulgarity, and quaint individuality has been conclusive answer to the critics. "Charles the First" gives, perhaps, a less striking performance, since the part is subordinated to that of the central figure of the play. Yet who can forget her pathetic picture of

## THE STATELY QUEEN?

With her instance before us—an instance of strictly English dramatic art—one may doubt the necessity of the teaching schools advocated by many: schools in which the spontaneity, the informality, and individuality that mark her work might have disappeared. It has been alleged, by way of criticism, that in all her creations she remains essentially Ellen Terry—that it is Ellen Terry Macbeth and Ellen Terry Nance Oldfield, Ellen Terry Cordelia and Ellen Terry Madame Sans-Gêne; but the criticism is really futile, since it is applicable to all the great actresses. Theoretically, the player should act on the line, "My nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand"; in practice, the artist whose nature is so subdued is the artist of gifted mediocrity, not the actor or actress who reaches the highest rung of the cruel ladder of fame. In reality, the character must be modified to fit the actress; no doubt, the greatest performances are those where originally there is greatest correspondence in nature between part and player, and, fortunately, in many of her rôles there has been such a delightful correspondence between Ellen Terry and the person presented by her that perfection has come. As for the other cases, such, for instance, as Lady Macbeth or Madame Sans-Gêne, one but

## ADMIRE THE MORE THE WONDERFUL WOMAN

who, apparently by nature antipathetic to her work, has won the warmest admiration by an amazing *tour de force*. If we only had an endowed theatre, who would be the leading lady, the chosen representative of English dramatic art for the whole range of costume-plays? The unhesitating answer is the title to these few words of inadequate appreciation.



MADAME RÉJANE (NOW APPEARING AT THE CORONET THEATRE) IN SOME OF HER MOST FASCINATING CHARACTERS.



MADAME SANS-GÊNE, PROMOTED DUCHESS.



AS MADAME SANS-GÊNE, THE LAUNDRESS.



AS LOLOTTE.



IN "LA COURSE DU FLAMBEAU."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.



MADAME REJANE,  
THE FAMOUS FRENCH COMÉDIENNE, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE CORONET THEATRE IN "SAPHO."  
(See Appreciation on Page 342.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.





MISS ELLEN TERRY AS MADAME SANS-GÈNE, THE LAUNDRESS,  
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

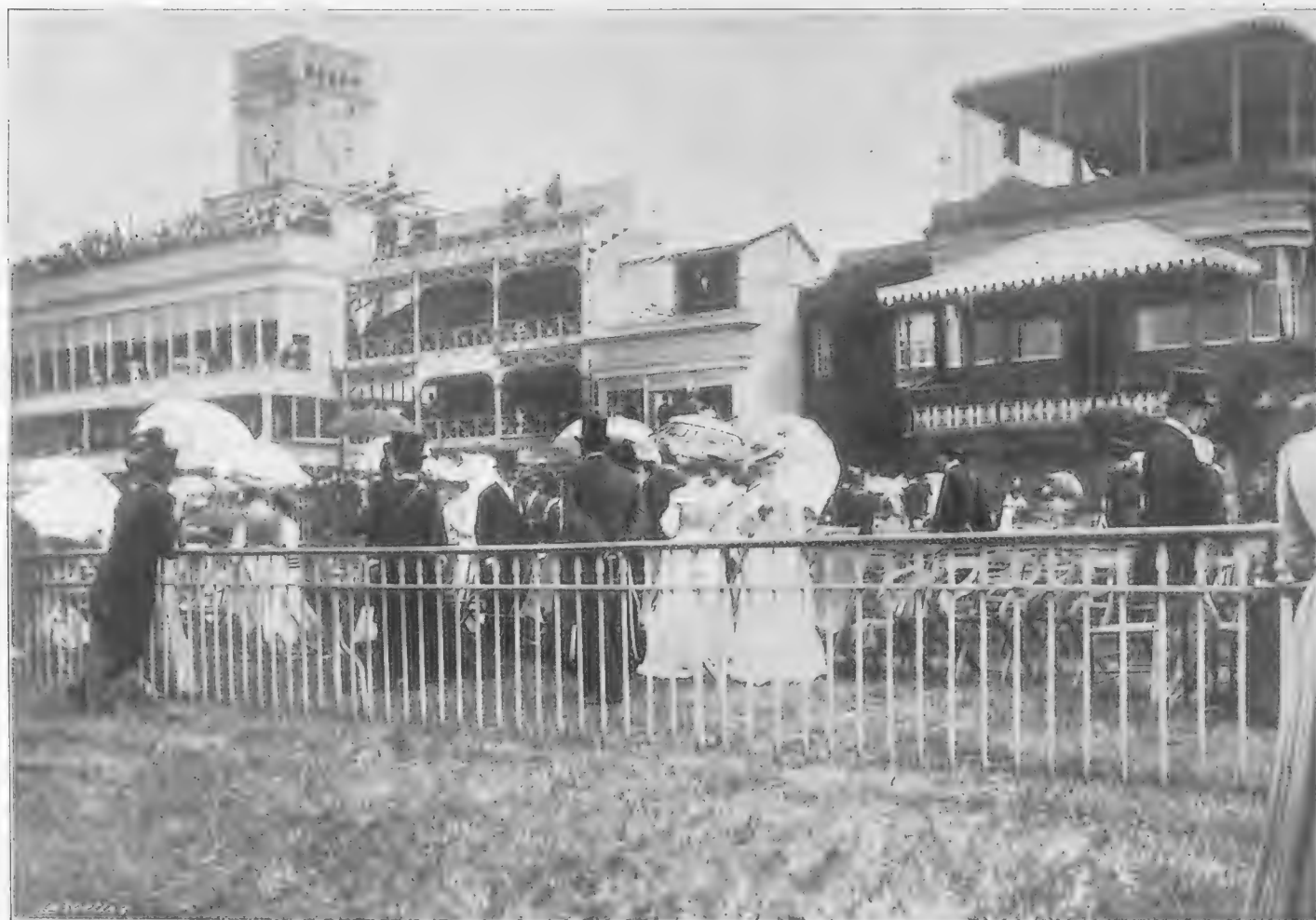
(See *Appreciation* on Page 342.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

## ARISTOCRATIC ASCOT SMARTLY SNAPSHOTTED.



IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.



THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.



ARISTOCRATIC ASCOT SMARTLY SNAPSHOTTED.



IN THE PADDOCK.



IN THE GRAND STAND ENCLOSURE.

"C.I.V." AND THE KING: FOUR GALLANT OFFICERS WHO HAD THE HONOUR OF RECEIVING MEDALS FROM HIS MAJESTY ON WEDNESDAY LAST.



MAJOR-GENERAL W. H. MACKINNON, C.B., WHO COMMANDED THE "C.I.V."



COLONEL LORD ALBEMARLE, COMMANDER OF THE MOUNTED INFANTRY.



COLONEL H. C. CHOLMONDELEY, C.B.



MAJOR THE HON. J. H. R. BAILEY, ADJUTANT.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYDDELL SAWYER, REGENT STREET, W.





MISS EDNA MAY,

AS THE ICE-MAIDEN WITH A WARM HEART IN "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

## BEAUTIFUL MINIATURES OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

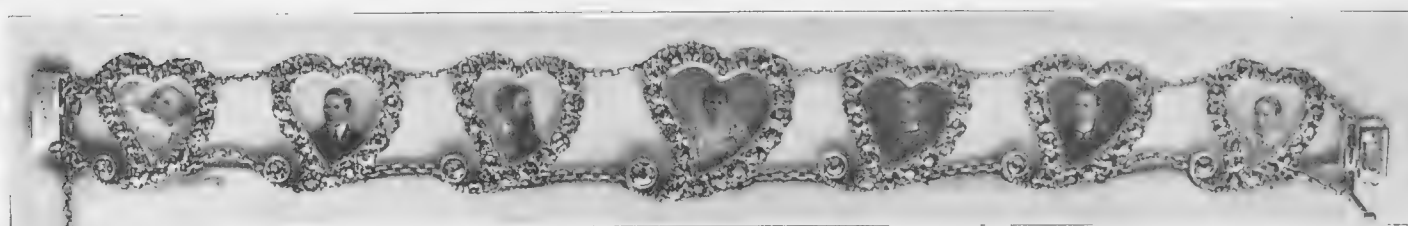
BY LAFAYETTE, OF NEW BOND STREET.



MRS. G. CORNWALLIS-WEST.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.



AN ELEGANT BRACELET OF MINIATURES.



LADY POLE-CAREW.



LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH.



## SOCIETY MINIATURES.

IN answer to an invitation to a "private view" of miniatures, I visited the galleries of M. Lafayette in New Bond Street with some curiosity. Even a cursory view gave one the impression of being surrounded by all that is most beautiful in modern Society. A magnificent portrait of

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA,

in the costume of Margaret de Valois, worn at the celebrated Devonshire House Ball, was the most noticeable both for its artistic treatment and size.

The advent of the new Century sees a renaissance of this exquisite art. It may be, accordingly, of interest to the readers of *The Sketch* to review the history of "painting in little," as it was graphically described by our ancestors.

Miniature-painting had its origin in the kindred art of illuminated manuscript work, and, like it in its earliest stages, was wrought on vellum (ivory, as a basis for these portraits, is comparatively a recent innovation). The really first historical instance showing the part played by miniatures in the history of the time was that connected with

"BLUFF KING HAL."

A marriage was arranged for the King by his Minister Cromwell with Anne of Treves. Cromwell, during negotiations, employed a miniature purporting to be that of Anne. The artist, even at this early period, appears to have freely exercised the art of flattery, for on the King beholding the original of the miniature he found sufficient reason for revoking his engagement.

The portability of these little portraits gave them a unique place in the domestic life of a past generation. Easily carried, they accompanied husband or lover to the wars, as was more than once evidenced by these tiny gems being found on the "stricken field."

The delicate art is essentially an English one. Its greatest masters have been Englishmen. One notable exception, however, must be made. Hans Holbein, who flourished in the year 1500, was induced to come to England by his friend, Sir Thomas More, and was introduced to the Court Circle of

HENRY VIII.,

with the result that many notabilities of the time were immortalised by the Flemish genius. Some of his masterpieces are at present to be seen at Windsor, and in the magnificent collections of the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Boston, and the Duke of Portland. Following closely on Holbein came a truly English painter, Nicholas Hilliard, whose style was largely formed by that of his great predecessor. Hilliard was one of a remarkable trio of painters in this branch of art, the other two names being Oliver and Cooper. The great distinction between these painters and their predecessors was the introduction into their portraits of more light and shadow. They were also the first painters to introduce into miniatures more than the bust; in many cases, the whole figure was treated. The Oliver's are best known by their portraits of James I., Robert Devereux, and the Countess of Essex. By far the greatest of these miniature-painters was Samuel Cooper, who lived in the

AGE OF CROMWELL AND THE COMMONWEALTH.

Cooper was pre-eminently a painter of men, as Cosway, at a later period, was of women. The hard, stern characters of his time suited Cooper's art. His portrait of Cromwell gives the Great Protector to posterity as he must have undoubtedly appeared to his contemporaries. The one important name connecting this with the Cosway period is that of Lawrence Cross, who was, perhaps, the last of the miniaturists who employed the deep-blue background introduced by Hilliard. Walpole tells of this artist that, having instructions from the Marquis of Hamilton to repair a miniature of

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

he altered the face from an oval to his own ideal of feminine beauty, which, unfortunately, happened to be of the round order. This picture, being much copied, has, therefore, given a wrong idea to posterity of the beauty of the fair original. Standing head and shoulders above all preceding, contemporary, and succeeding artists is the name of Richard Cosway. Born in 1742, young Cosway when quite a juvenile exhibited a predilection for art. An early success brought him under the notice of the Prince of Wales, and very soon his graceful and elegant conceptions secured him favour with the *élite* of his day. So overburdened was Cosway with commissions that he was forced to originate a style that offered greater facilities in execution than the elaborate finish of the miniature permitted. These portraits he designated "Stayned Drawings." They were mostly pencil-sketches, generally full-length, with the face beautifully finished in the purest colour, and all else left sketchy and suggestive. The new style soon became popular with the ladies of the day, whose beauty and grace Cosway has, in these pretty idealisations, handed down to posterity.

Space is too limited to do justice to the subject. I would, however, recommend those who take an interest in the revival of this beautiful art to visit the studios of M. Lafayette in New Bond Street, where the happy idea of uniting art and science prevails. Photography has been evoked as the handmaiden of art, with the result that truth and beauty are combined. I have to thank M. Lafayette for his courtesy in lending the miniatures from which the accompanying photogravures were produced, but should explain that the original miniatures, being beautifully coloured by skilful painters, have a vivid and natural glow that is naturally lacking in photographic reproductions.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

OTHER hands, fitter and worthier, will lay their wreaths on the tomb of Sir Walter Besant, but let me cast one flower on the grave. For years I have been almost the nearest neighbour of Sir Walter Besant, and have had the honour and happiness of intercourse with him. Sir Walter Besant was honoured by all those who knew him in his public capacity, but the nearer you came to him and his life the higher was the appreciation. The veil which he cast over his countless acts of charity and kindness ought not to be lifted. All the same, it ought to be known that, behind his public spirit and his public efforts, abundant and largely crowned with success as these were, there was a constant helpfulness to all the needy who sought him. Patient, considerate, and even tender, Sir Walter Besant had one of the gentlest and knightliest of hearts. I doubt whether anyone since Dickens, and perhaps not even Dickens, did more in a quiet way to succour and relieve distress in his own calling. Never was a manlier or more generous heart. His happiness in the success of his fellows was something very good to see.

I referred lately to the trade in six-shilling novels. I did not anticipate that soon the trade would be in danger of its life through the action of a very distinguished publishing firm which is specially remarkable for its long list of novels and for the liberal advances it makes to the authors. This firm has sent out a circular to booksellers, offering a choice of twenty-five novels from their six-shilling list for twenty-seven shillings, and laying stress on the undoubted fact that many distinguished and popular authors appear among the contributors. If this be carried out, it needs no prophet to say that the six-shilling novel is practically doomed. What will happen, in the first instance, is that no bookseller will stock the productions of the second-class novelist. He will say to his customers: "By-and-by, the book may be had at one-and-sixpence, and in the meantime I can give you something better." But even the distinguished authors will be very much injured. Sometimes everyone wants to read a book, and many people will put down the price without thinking of it. But this is a rare occurrence. In the matter of books, the public shows a singular and even lamentable patience.

Then what will be the result upon firms that endeavour to maintain a regular price? One firm, pursuing the old paths, has certain novels in stock by, let us say, Mr. G., who has a public of about three thousand, but the firm I have referred to has half-a-dozen novels of his all on sale at a little more than a shilling. The inevitable result is that all his other books will immediately perish. Whether this is good for novelists or for publishers, or even, in the long run, for booksellers, may very well be questioned. In my opinion, it spells ruin to all novelists save a very few, and it has been brought on by the practice of advancing more to writers than their popularity warrants. No advance should ever exceed the number of copies sold in the first month. It would be good for novelists, good for their agents, good for everybody, if this rule were strictly adhered to. A publisher may have the pleasure of issuing a book and losing over it, say, £400, but he is not particularly likely to seek a repetition of that pleasure. It may be said that there are always fools around, and that, if one man does not do it, another will. Yes, but if the number of fools is not limited, the amount of their resources is limited.

It may be said that the proper thing to do is to issue novels at three-and-sixpence, but experience shows that the lowering of price rather, as a rule, injures than helps the sale. If two thousand copies of a novel are sold at three-and-sixpence, the author may expect to receive £50 for it, and that is a very poor remuneration. The Publishers' Association should deal with the new situation.

Miss Maude Adams, the celebrated American actress, is a devoted lover of books. She is quite a collector in her way, and has accumulated many rare editions and finely bound specimens. In a recent visit to London she spent an important fraction of her time in making selections at a well-known resort in Piccadilly.

Mr. A. H. Savage Landor is one of those authors whose life is written in their books. Born in Florence, he inherited some of the characteristics of his famous grandfather, Walter Savage Landor. It was said that Landor did not possess the name of Savage for nothing, and in his grandson the spirit of courage and adventure has shown itself in constant daring and intelligent travelling. Walter Savage Landor was content with his beloved cities, Florence and Bath; A. H. S. Landor travelled in the East several years, in Japan, China, Corea, South Mongolia, Tibet, India, Nepal, among the Ainu of Yezo, and the Kurile Islands; also in America, Australia, and Northern Africa.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the clever young novelist, will probably accompany Mr. Barrie to the United States in October. A dramatised version of Mr. Mason's popular book, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," will be produced about that time in New York. Mr. Mason is busily engaged on a new novel, which will be published serially in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and he is understood to have political aspirations.

I am glad to hear that the Authors' Society has bestowed its first pension. The recipient is a lady thoroughly worthy of any honour that may be done her. She gained her reputation as an authoress many years ago. The pension fund promises to supply an important want, as I understand the Royal Literary Fund does not give pensions, but only gives grants for a year, renewing them if necessary.

## MR. EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

NO one is surprised at the achievements of Americans, not even if they win the Derby and Oaks, and I am not going to express any astonishment that men like Mr. Sargent and Mr. Abbey have won their way into the inner circle of that exclusive body, the Royal Academy. After all, it is not so very extraordinary, for was not Sir Benjamin West the successor of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the Presidency? Mr. Abbey merely came, and saw, and conquered. That is to say, he came over in 1881, he saw his picture, "A May-Day Morning," exhibited on the walls of Burlington House in 1890, and in 1898 his victory was acknowledged by his election to the full honours of "R.A." The process took seventeen years, it is true, but that is as a moment to those who struggle and hope for Academic distinction, and it would be hard to name any other painter who has accomplished the feat with so much celerity, except, indeed, Mr. Sargent—but Americans do not count.

There are many people who are not quite confident about their admiration for Mr. Sargent. They say that he is too uncompromising, that he cares only for visual realities; but everyone likes Mr. Abbey, for, while he never attempts desperate and bewildering experiments, he has just that amount of ideality which his compatriot lacks. The contrasting temperaments of the two painters may, in fact, be judged by this year's exhibition. In "The Misses Wertheimer" we see a work of intense realism, perfect likenesses of two women just as they are, and, if imagination comes into the picture at all, it is only in the technique, composition, and colour. In "Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem," on the other hand, Mr. Abbey presents a scene that can only be the outcome of a vivid imagination which can conceive all the religious fervour and self-devotion of those who were ready to sacrifice everything to what they regarded as a sacred duty. Again, in the celebrated work of five years ago, "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and Lady Anne," we have not so much an attempt to realise an actual scene as an idealisation of its possibilities. Undoubtedly, it is a great decorative work that, if it stood alone, would be sufficient to justify the position the artist occupies.

But America is to have the greatest of Mr. Abbey's works. This is the decoration of a wall-space of 180 feet by 8 feet at the Boston Public Library with the story of King Arthur and the Holy Grail. It has already occupied him for ten years, and will probably take ten years more, especially as the attractions of English rural life have such an irresistible fascination for him. He is rapidly developing into an English country gentleman; indeed, anyone who saw him cycling over from his

old manor-house at Fairford, Gloucestershire, to visit Mr. Sargent at that favourite artistic haunt, Broadway, or taking part in the local cricket-matches, and who noted his hale, bronzed countenance, would scarcely take him for anything else.

Morgan Hall, the picturesque mansion wherein Mr. Abbey has generally resided since his marriage, is now provided with a vast studio, wherein there is ample space for King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table to pursue their quest of the Holy Grail. Moreover, the house is a perfect museum of arms, costumes, and other objects of the Middle Ages that are often brought into requisition as models.

If it were not that human models are also essential, Mr. Abbey would be provided on the spot with all that is necessary to his work. As it is, he is obliged now and then to turn to the happy hunting-ground of London for the capture of sitters who can suitably be arranged in antique garb and transferred to his pictures.

Mr. Sargent is also engaged on the Boston Library, but there is no need for rivalry between the two Americans who have so thoroughly taken the British art-world by storm, and, indeed, none exists, for they have little in common in regard to artistic methods, though a close personal friendship exists between them, and, perhaps, if the one were not settled at Fairford, the other would not be so frequently at Broadway. In fact, Mr. Abbey's kindness and his charming social qualities are such that it would be surprising if they were not as attractive to his compatriot as they are to everyone else who has felt their genial influence. He would have made an admirable parson—one who would have drawn to him the enthusiastic adherence of a large flock—and his parents, no doubt, decided wisely according to their lights (for they could not know his artistic capacity) when they destined him for the Church.

But his own decision settled the matter, and at the age of eighteen he left his home in Philadelphia to work in black-and-white for Messrs. Harper Brothers of New York. These gentlemen were not slow to recognise that they had found a treasure; so they innocently commissioned him to Europe to execute some important illustrations—and he stayed. But the American people are not all publishers.

Mr. Abbey devoted himself to water-colours on his first arrival in London, and became a Member of the Institute. It is rather curious that so forcible an exponent of oil-painting should have taken up that medium comparatively late in his career. He has still the half-way house of fifty (let us hope that it may prove in his case a half-way house) well before him, so there is plenty of time for him to eclipse anything he has yet achieved; but if he maintains only his present level no one will complain.

A. G.



MR. EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A., IN HIS LONDON STUDIO.

Photographed for "The Sketch" by Thomas, Cheapside.





FORGIVEN.

"Oh, you naughty man; you wanted to cut me!"

"I should be cutting a pretty figure, shouldn't I?"

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## AN ASCOT HAT.

BY CLO. GRAVES.

[All Rights Reserved.]



NE would not say that Sir Harry actually meant any harm, but he was a handsome fellow, with a manner voted irresistible even by the women of his own world. And he told her—this girl who belonged to quite another world than his—(she was a trimmer working at twenty shillings a-week at a Bond Street milliner's)—he told her his name was Harry Lean, and

that he made a bit of money now and then by training racehorses for a sporting man of title. He did not think it necessary to mention that the racehorses were his own, and that he had omitted the first syllable of his surname. Because "Lelean" would have set Poppy Mason thinking; and, once Poppy should have begun to think in earnest, Sir Harry's game—harmless little game enough, from his point of view—was up.

But until a girl in the show-room found out and told Poppy that her admirer, Mister Harry Lean, was none other than Sir Harry Lelean, Poppy had looked out upon life with enchanted eyes, and dreamed of a wedding—in church, because none of the Masons had ever demeaned themselves by going before a Registrar—and the face of the bride, surmounted by the loveliest hat you ever—! was her own; and the shoulders of the bridegroom—there was no mistaking their muscular squareness—were the shoulders of Harry Lean. She thrilled at the memory of that dream, poor child, even when she knew it could never be realised. And she was full—need it be said?—of bitterness and grief and rage. And she said to herself that she would "have it out" with him, and let him know how she could reckon up a gentleman that went about telling lies to girls! But when the time came, on Saturday afternoon, and they were together in Regent's Park, and the afternoon sun was drawing the fullest sweetness from a bed of heliotropes close to the seat where she and Harry would sit no more—all the scathing sentences she had thought out were forgotten, and Poppy could only cry in a broken-hearted way and say, "How could you! How could you!" over and over.

He pulled his moustache in perplexity, and tried to slip his arm about her shoulders; but Poppy's shrinking from him was unmistakable, even to his rather blunt perception, and he did not try again.

"There's no doubt of it: I've been a brute to you, Poppy—but not the worst kind of a brute." He tugged at his moustache. "We've walked together and talked together, and you've given me a kiss or two, and—"

"And all the while you were engaged!"

"Ah! that is the dirtiest bit about it—that all the while I was engaged!" Sir Harry said, frowning. He punched remorseful holes in the gravel with his stick, but Poppy was not appeased.

"I'd like to know which you think you've behaved the worst to," she said, with a shrillness in her usually rather flat, level little voice that indicated latent hysterics, "me or Lady Gwendolen Haste? If she thinks you—"

But Sir Harry had risen and stood looking down at her, and there was a fold down the middle of his smooth, broad forehead, and the lower part of his usually debonair, good-humoured face might have been carved stone.

"Oblige me by not mentioning that lady's name. It does not enter into any discussion of the situation; it is not to be coupled with any expression of opinion as regards my conduct to you. Be good enough to bear that in mind!"

"You talk as if I wasn't fit to name her!" cried Poppy, flushing scarlet. "And yet I'm as good a girl as her!"

"I know you're as straight as rain, Poppy," said Lelean, softening; "but—she is to be my wife."

"And you let me think that I—"

"No, no!" cried Lelean. "I never was so base as that. Think, Poppy, think!"

"It's true, you wasn't," admitted Poppy, after a moment's consideration. "I did the deceiving myself when it comes to that. We were so happy—at least, I was—it seemed as if it must go on. And now, will you go, please, sir, and leave me."

"Perhaps I had best," said Lelean ruefully. "But before I go, tell me, is there nothing I can do that would be—that would help—?"

"To make me think more kind of you?" said Poppy, choking back a little, hopeless sob. "Don't you mistake and offer me money. It'll take something more than golden salve to heal my trouble!" She unpinned her hat and threw it on the bench beside her, sticking the long pins viciously in the crown.

"You poor little soul!" burst out Lelean. "You make me feel—! Look here, Poppy, believe me or not as you like, but I'd give everything I've got in the world, except Double Blank, to undo the past three months, though our friendship has been innocent enough, God knows!"

"Oh, I believe you fast enough!" returned Poppy. "And I'll be honest and say plain—if I could undo the past and blot you out of my remembrance, I wouldn't do it, Harry. So you can keep your property, and Double Blank as well. Is he really bound to win the Gold Cup this

year?" She talked at random; her blue eyes had a strained, wild look, and her throat was swelling.

"Dead certain!" said Double Blank's confident proprietor.

"And, if he does, you'll get something handsome from your noble employer, his owner?" said Poppy, with the ghost of a laugh, pushing back the soft rings of yellow hair from her forehead.

"I'm the noble employer, and confoundedly ashamed of myself, too," burst out Lelean, "for not playing a straight game with a good, honest girl like you! Good-bye, Poppy, and try to forgive me."

He was going.

"Stop a minute!" The girl sat up, a slender figure in her closely fitting black gown, and pointed to the bed of heliotropes. "Pick me a sprig or two of that before you leave me. I'd like to keep something that belonged to this day by me to look at sometimes"—her little chin trembled and two great tears overbrimmed and fell—"just as a warning not to be so easily taken in again."

"I'm sorry, Poppy, but I can't give you this," Lelean said, standing near the grey-and-violet, perfumed flowers. "Heliotrope's an unlucky flower to people of my name."

"I shan't ever bear your name," said the girl with a smile, "so give me what I've asked for."

"I wouldn't refuse you for the world," returned Lelean, "if it were possible to do what you ask. But, frankly, I daren't."

Poppy sat up, and turned blue, astonished eyes upon the tall young man.

"You're afraid! Afraid to touch a bit of a plant—a common flower! My word!"

"It's an inborn antipathy—a congenital dread." Sir Harry grew red and tugged at his moustache. "Don't you understand, child, that I can't bring myself to touch it? I have been wondering, as we sat near, what scent it was that clogged the air so unbearably. Now that I see, I understand the horrible feeling." The big, muscular fellow actually paled and shuddered. "Laugh as you like, that flower is positively ill-omened where I and mine are concerned, and for about twenty-four hours I shall smart for having set eyes on it. Everything I undertake will come to grief; everything I've set my heart on doing or getting will be done and won by some luckier fellow. I shall be awfully careful," said Sir Harry, looking with disgust at the heliotrope, "until the effect has worn off. For instance, I shan't go within a mile of—"

Poppy cried out wildly, "Of her, you mean!" She covered her ears with her hands; her lips were set back from her teeth in the grimace of unbearable pain. "Oh, go away! Never let me see or hear of you again! Oh, go!"

Sir Harry took his hat and stick from the bench and left her without another word. She sobbed a little, but with dry eyes, as his tall figure went away down the broad gravel-walk, his shadow obediently trailing at his heels. Then she got up, trembling, and went home to Nichols Street, Soho, where she lodged with a friend who was a saleswoman at a Bond Street florist's. And she had her cry out when the sympathetic friend came in from her outing with her young man, who was a waiter at a West-End Club.

"Oh, the deceiving thing!" said the friend viciously. "And yet he believes he's acted honourable, I dare say. With his horror of heliotropes and all. I declare he deserves to—"

Her eye gleamed and she became thoughtful. After tea, she unfolded the plan which had crystallised in her mind, and—

"No, I couldn't consent to it!" Poppy protested. "I don't want to be revenged on him!"

"Lord! it's only an idea!" said the Club-waiter's young lady who was also a florist's saleswoman. "But he gets his buttonhole bouquets from us, and my Alfred waits at his table and is a friend of his man, Simmons. And if Double Blank doesn't get the Cup, perhaps"—her eye gleamed again—"perhaps Lady Gwendolen won't be in such a hurry to marry him."

"She ordered a hat for Gold Cup Day at Madame Bibi's yesterday," said Poppy. "She said it was to be packed very carefully, and she would tell her maid not to undo it till it was to be worn. It's to be copied from a Paris model, and I shall have the trimming of it. I do think I shall feel doing it." And she gave a little gasp. "It's to match a gown of pale-mauve chiffon, made up over a silk foundation of a darker shade. Purple irises she chose, and those pale-lavender ones with the—"

Then the florist's saleswoman who was also the Club-waiter's sweetheart rose up with both eyes gleaming with dire and deadly purpose, and leaned over Poppy Mason and whispered rapidly in her ear.

"Oh, gracious!" Poppy cried. "Why, Madame would be as mad as mad, and I should get the sack!"

"Not you!" said the florist's saleswoman. "You're too smart a hand to be got rid of, and Lady Gwendolen isn't a regular customer. Take your scolding and your revenge together. You've got a spark of spirit in you! Why, the thing can be done as easy as eating muffins. Them two—Sir Harry and Lady G.—are going to stop at 'The Windles' for the Ascot Meeting. It's a lovely place, and Pertz has took it—Pertz is one of them Yankee millionaires, as sweet as anything on Lady G., if Society papers ever do tell truth. And my Alfred will arrange





MR. R. CROMPTON AS PINCHER, THE DEVONSHIRE SERGEANT, IN "THE EMERALD ISLE,"  
AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

everything with Simmons, and Simmons will soft-soap Lady G.'s maid into doin' her share, and you shall see what will happen. It's too splendid a chance to miss, it really is!"

And, saying she would ne'er consent, Poppy consented.

Lady Gwendolen was, perhaps, too lazy to be passionately in love, but she was warmly interested in her future husband, and that is saying a good deal. And she had done some manœuvring to obtain a *tête-à-tête* with Sir Harry in the conservatory after dinner. Pertz had to be dodged, for one thing, and to dodge Pertz was not easy. So she felt, naturally, a little aggrieved at not being effusively thanked for her kindness.

"One would think we had been married—and married a year!" she said, with a little pout of disgust, as she settled into a deep cane lounge, just big enough for two, and swept her perfumed, rustling draperies aside to make room for her lover.

"Forgive me, Gwen, my darling!" he said penitently.

She looked wonderfully fair, a human flower amongst flowers, and the light from the Japanese-lamps hanging amongst the wistaria reddened the crisp edges of her dark waves of hair and cast the shadows of her long eyelashes down upon her ivory-tinted cheeks, making her wonderful and mysterious.

"Poor boy! You're anxious about Double Blank, I know," she said, letting her white hand be captured and her waist embraced.

"Double Blank is an absolute certainty for the Cup," said Sir Harry. "Even if the balance of the field didn't hail from Australia and France, I should stick to that. Eight years old, with legs as clean as a yearling's and sinews like bars of steel, where are you to meet the equal of him? Nothing on earth can beat that horse but——"

"Then, why are you depressed and dismal?" asked Lady Gwendolen. "Ascot without Royalty doesn't seem like Ascot, it's true; but, feeling as you do about your racing prospects, it seems to me——"

"You didn't let me finish what I was saying," said Sir Harry. "I said nothing on earth could beat my horse. But if things that aren't earthly conspire against him—and me!" He shook his head solemnly as he pulled out his cigar-case.

"Merely! Have you turned spiritualist?" cried Lady Gwendolen in astonishment.

"One needn't be a spiritualist to believe in adverse Fates and evil destinies," said Sir Harry rather glumly. "May I smoke?" As the hand upon his arm gave a little pressure of consent, he opened the case. Then he uttered a shout and dropped it as though it had burned his fingers.

"My dear Harry, don't be so explosive! What is the matter?" said Lady Gwen.

But he had risen to his feet and stood staring at the case as it lay upon the ground. "Again!" she heard him say; "more of that beastly thing! How did it get in there?"

"How did what?" Lady Gwendolen leaned down and lifted the cigar-case. "Really, dear, you are absurd to make a mountain out of such a molehill. Some jocular idiot has emptied your case of the cigars and put in a piece of——"

"Of heliotrope!" burst out Sir Harry; "and the morning I left town there was heliotrope upon my breakfast-table at the Club—none of the waiters knew how it got there, though I ragged 'em all round. And the buttonhole that came from the florist's was of heliotrope, though they knew how I loathe the stuff. And yesterday, when Simmons took my hat out of the box there was a bouquet of heliotrope inside it . . . and the scent of heliotrope is on everything I've touched since then, it seems to me. You don't know how I've been upset. It fairly scares and unnerves me. Yesterday, I didn't pull in a single fiver, and last night—well, you remember what Pertz said about my luck at baccarat."

Lady Gwen's heart was touched. She threw away the obnoxious bit of heliotrope, and called Sir Harry a poor, poor, stupid, superstitious old darling, and promised him to weed all heliotropes from the path of life when they should tread it together. And Sir Harry was comforted, and actually won a game of pool that night, "touching" Pertz for a tenner. But he found a sprig of heliotrope upon his pillow when he went to bed, and dreamed badly. Lady Gwen, on the contrary, slept excellently and awakened radiant. She breakfasted in her room, and then, arrayed in the wonderful mauve gown, the latest creation from a great Parisian atelier, posed, smiling, before the long triptych mirror, as her maid unpacked from a colossal bandbox the hat designed to be worn with the dress.

"The amethyst and diamond hat-pins," she said thoughtfully, as the rustling of the silver-paper ceased. Almost mechanically she took the hat from the maid and placed it on her beautiful head. It crowned the rich, dark masses of hair with wonderful effect, and gave the last touch of perfection to her toilette, she knew. But Lady Gwen's great black eyes dilated with dismay as she realised that the flowers upon the hat were not mauve and purple irises, but heliotropes. Sir Harry's unfortunate antipathy recurred to her mind; she lifted her hand and partly pulled out one of the amethyst pins, then pushed it back again. She had not another hat that suited with that dress. Her vanity and her love fought, and vanity conquered. Lady Gwen, in her mauve-and-violet confection, crowned with the wonderful heliotrope hat, was Queen of the Beauties in the Paddock. She forgot Sir Harry and his inherited antipathy when she found herself the cynosure of so many admiring eyes, and, when she remembered, she said to herself that he must be reasoned out of his foolish prejudice.

He was looking far from fit. He had found a sprig of heliotrope in each of his boots that morning, and another in the button-hole of his

light overcoat. He felt and looked a haunted man. Women were voluble in their sympathy, and men said nothing, but hedged. It was believed that Double Blank had broken down, or had been cast in his box, or hoccussed. Surprise was manifest when the beautiful favourite paraded in the pink of condition.

"Oh, the darling—the love!" cried Lady Gwen. "I should so like to kiss him for luck!" In her excitement, she caught Sir Harry by the lapel of his coat, and her beautiful face was nearer his than strict propriety warranted. But a man of ice could not have borne the touch of her beautiful hand more coldly. Sir Harry's eyes met her own, under the shade of the heliotrope hat, and there was anger in them and cold disgust.

"Thank you for wearing my family badge," he said, with a tight-lipped smile. "You know how fond we Leleans are of the flower you have mounted."

"Oh, Harry, let me explain!" she began. "I did not order the hat; it was sent, and there was no other that matched, and——"

"Pray do not apologise," said her lover. "Wear from henceforth what you will—be worn by whom you choose: it will not affect my peace of mind, I assure you."

"Harry!" she gasped, appalled by the contempt of the look, the insult of the tone. But he lifted his hat and turned upon his heel and left her.

Those who saw Double Blank win the Ascot Cup of that year's meeting will recall the curious attempt—people said it was an attempt—made by a clean-shaven man in black, who might have been a waiter, to bungle the start of the favourite by throwing a bouquet of flowers full in the jockey's face. But Sam Griggs did not lose his nerve, the lost ground was soon recovered, and of the Australian and French rivals Double Blank made a terrible example. His lucky owner, Sir Harry Lelean, was reputed to have landed eleven thousand. But even the favours of Fortune did not soften his rigorous attitude to Lady Gwendolen.

"The horse won, it is true," he said, "*but you wore the heliotropes*. You knew, and yet you wore them. Could there be a plainer proof of want of love, even of common consideration? Impossible! Under the stress of suffering and excitement, I spoke to you rudely. I apologise. But I must reiterate my request to you to release me from our engagement."

So Lady Gwendolen married Mr. Zekiel K. Pertz.

"And if she don't sport 'eliotropes on 'er weddin'-day, out of scorn and defiance of Sir 'Arry," said his faithful and intelligent valet, Simmons, "my knowledge of 'uman nature is out completely."

Simmons was not at fault. The chancel of St. George's, Hanover Square, was a veritable bower of the white variety of the perfumed bloom, and the bride's bouquet consisted of white heliotropes and trailing orchids. So much the newspapers recorded, but nobody ever knew how near Lady Gwendolen's wedding came to being broken off. For Sir Harry, pale and breathless, forced himself into her presence on the eve of the ceremony and revealed to the betrothed bride of Mr. Zekiel K. Pertz a secret confessed to him in a repentant, tear-blotted letter from Poppy Mason.

"You understand!" Sir Harry cried, as Lady Gwendolen's eyes reached the cramped signature at the bottom of the page. "It was a plot. She confesses—she owns up. And, oh! Gwen——"

"I don't see," said Lady Gwendolen, looking very pale and very tall, "that it makes any difference."

"No?"

"I wore the hat," she said; "that is a fact that can never be got over. I wore the hat. I think I behaved rather badly to you in doing so. But, on the other hand, I know you have behaved very badly to this poor girl. Oh! I know what you are going to say—she says herself as much for you. But there are moral wrongs. And now I will bid you good-night. If you consider me heartless, it will be easy to confirm yourself in the opinion. Remember—I wore that hat! That knock is Mr. Pertz's. Good-bye!" And so they parted.

#### THE "RACQUETS" COLONEL.

It is rather the custom to sneer at the British officer as a devotee of sport more than of military tactics, and yet, from the highest to the lowest, the sporting men have invariably done best in South Africa. It is often forgotten that "Bobs" himself, not so very long ago either, was the Champion Tent-pegger of the British and Native Army in India, and another case in point is that of the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel J. Spens of Champion Army Racquets fame (whose portrait, with that of his junior, Lieutenant Sprot, *The Sketch* had the pleasure of publishing), now a "C.B." and A.D.C. to the King. Colonel Spens at present commands a Brigade in South Africa, but General Sir J. D. French's Farewell Order on the break-up of the Eastern Transvaal Force shows that a sporting Colonel can also be a good Commanding Officer, for, speaking of Colonel Spens' regiment, the 2nd King's Own Shropshire Light Infantry (the old 85th Bucks Volunteers), he says: "I cannot refrain from commenting particularly upon the magnificent marching powers and gallant endurance of the 2nd Battalion King's Own Light Infantry, who in every kind of weather have kept up with and supported the mounted troops. I feel that the hardest part of the work performed has inevitably fallen upon them, and that they have splendidly upheld the traditions of the magnificent regiment to which they belong." Well done, Colonel Spens and the "Elegant Extracts"!



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

## THE ROYAL OPERA.

THE Royal Opera owes no small share of its popularity this year to the welcome host of American invaders, upon whose serried ranks Lady de Grey looks benignantly from her grand-tier stage-box. Full as the leading hotels are of good Americans this summer, by the way, I hear that these social palaces will next year be more crowded

than ever; indeed, they bid fair to be besieged by the huge battalions which will troop to London on the occasion of the King's Coronation. The resourcefulness of the Covent Garden Management has been often displayed by the ease with which, at the shortest notice, a change has been made in the opera, owing to the indisposition of a principal singer. Tamagno was the cause of disappointment last Wednesday. Through the illness of the great Italian tenor, "Otello" had to be postponed, and "Rigoletto" was repeated. Suzanne Adams (who made so charming a Beatrice in Dr. Villiers Stanford's "Much Ado About Nothing"), Anselmi, Journet, and Seveilhac formed an efficient cast of "Rigoletto." The famous quartette was well sung, and the



[Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin]

Miss Maud Terry, winsome and merry, clever and coy in "The Messenger Boy."

whole opera rendered admirably under the circumstances. "Melba" appeared the previous evening for the second time this season in Puccini's "Vie de Bohème" and in the mad scene in "Lucia." In a notable performance of "Lohengrin," Herr Knote, Fräulein Ternina, Mdle. Brema, and Herr Van Rooy were heard to advantage; and chorus and orchestra were remarkably good. In "Otello," Tamagno was supported well by Mesdames Eames and Olitzka, MM. Journet, Forgeur, Rea, Masiero, and Scotti; Signor Mancinelli conducting with habitual fire. Repetitions, however, have been the usual order of the night, and Wagner's operas in highest favour.



Miss Margaret Sayre in "The Girl from Up There": This fair counterfeit by Bassano of Bond Street.

MR. EDWARD ELGAR, whose "Dream of Gerontius" was so deservedly admired, has written for the last concert of the Philharmonic Society an orchestral work called "Cockaigne." It is an attempt to give a musical picture of London, and, in order to do this naturally, the composer supposes a couple of lovers fresh from the country paying their first visit to the Metropolis. They start in the City, eventually ramble into

been suggested by a recent composition of Strauss, in which similar realistic effects are introduced. Mr. Elgar is a master of orchestral writing, and I anticipate that this work will prove one of his most striking and characteristic compositions. Berlioz and Schumann have done something of the kind, but Mr. Elgar has carried his realistic and imaginative contrasts further than any musician I can remember.

## "BAYREUTH IN LONDON"

is the title of some interesting lectures given by Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump, of the Wagner Society, at Steinway Hall. Commencing on Saturday, the 8th inst., Mrs. Cleather took the "Nibelungen Ring" as her theme, and traced its origin to the great tragedies of Æschylus, going so far in the elucidation of her theories as to mix up the great tragic dramatist of Greece with Shakspeare, Beethoven, and Wagner. She gave a very clear account of the Bayreuth musician's great Trilogy, the first lecture concluding with "the entry of the Gods into Valhalla." Mrs. Cleather, who played selections from the music with great taste, could not, of course, realise the magnificent effect of the scene in which the gods cross the bridge of rainbows into Valhalla, as illustrated by Wagner in operatic form with orchestral accompaniments of overwhelming grandeur, but the lady gave such intelligent descriptions of the work, and of Wagner's great idea that gold and love are the chief conflicting elements of our life on earth, that admirers of the composer



[Photo by Dooney, Ebury Street, S.W.]

Miss Fanchon Thompson is a lucky star, Who appeared as "The Belle of Bohemia" (!).

could perfectly comprehend his aims. Limelight views of scenes from "The Ring" were thrown upon a screen, and also the actual notes of the principal music.

## THE POLISH PIANIST, M. GODOWSKY,

who comes from Chicago, has given two pianoforte recitals, which I attended. He is a wonderful player, but would please me better if he did not take liberties with great composers. For example, he takes two or more pieces of Chopin, and, adding notes of his own to bind them together, *plays them as one*. He also changes the keys, and, knowing the originals thoroughly, I could not help feeling some annoyance in hearing the works of such a delightful composer as Chopin thus tampered with. Surely the composer must have known best what keys suited his music.

## M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN.

I was charmed to meet M. Vladimir de Pachmann again. He plays Chopin better than any other pianist, and his quaint manner on the platform greatly amuses his fair admirers, who go in crowds to hear him. His silvery tone and magical touch are truly delightful after the sledge-hammer feats of certain "up-to-date" pianists.

## MR. ARTHUR ROYD.

The first concert of the Artists' Popular Concerts, given under the direction of the Carlisle-Carr Concert Agency, took place in St. James's Hall on the 6th and was an entire success. The feature of the afternoon

the parks, listen to a military band, enter into a church where the organ is playing, and, when tired out with their town-travelling, go back to their rustic home. The work is a mixture of sentiment, humour, and descriptive music, and, while entirely original in details, it may have

was the début of Mr. Arthur Royd, a young Australian baritone of great promise, whether on the concert-platform or on the operatic stage, for to a fine voice and method he adds a very attractive personality. In the Antipodes Mr. Royd has sung much under the banner of Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove.

An important feature of these concerts is the assistance of an excellent orchestra instead of the perpetual pianoforte accompaniment.



MR. ARTHUR ROYD, THE AUSTRALIAN HAYDEN COFFIN, WHO MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT ST. JAMES'S HALL ON JUNE 6.

There are seventeen performers, wind and string, conducted by Mr. Johann Davids, and they played extremely well. Madame Liza Lehmann, composer of "The Daisy Chain," accompanied her own pretty work, which is daily increasing in popularity. If the "Artists' Popular Concerts" continue as well as they began, their future success cannot be doubtful.

#### MR. AND MRS. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Although Mr. Forbes-Robertson, finding "The Sacrament of Judas," like "Count Tezma," was not attractive to the public, closed the Comedy Theatre a week or so back, yet that theatre will, for the nonce, be "kept in the family," so to speak. In other words, Mrs. Forbes-Robertson's sister's husband—Mr. Nat Goodwin, to wit—will in the early autumn start a season at the Comedy. Mr. Goodwin and his lovely wife, Miss Maxine Elliott, will (according to present arrangements) commence managerial proceedings there with the first English production of Mr. H. V. Esmond's comedy, "When We Were Twenty-One," a play which has already achieved a striking success in the States. During their season at the Comedy, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin will haply essay the characters of Shylock and Portia respectively.

In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott) will, in due course, go a-touring with their repertory, pending their reappearance in London in a new play, of which more anon.

#### NEW PLAYS.

Two plays of exceeding gruesomeness are imminent. One, entitled "The Cocaine Fiend," would seem to be similar to a Morphia Melodrama recently tried in London and the provinces under the name of "The White Fiend"—the name-part being a man who, while under the influence of his favourite drug, set himself alight and was promptly burnt to death in full sight of the audience. The other new gory play to be expected forthwith is entitled "The Murder in the Garret," and is yet another dramatisation of Edgar Allan Poe's thriller, entitled "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

#### MRS. LANGTRY.

If announcements current at the going to press hold good, Mrs. Langtry will close her present season at her lovely new Imperial Theatre next Friday night. On her return to this sumptuous playhouse, Mrs. Langtry will produce a brand-new play, of quite a modern and up-to-date kind. Lady Sketch readers, however, will rejoice to learn that this new play will abound in lovely gowns.

#### THE CHARACTER PORTRAITS OF MR. TREE

in last week's *Sketch* were of great interest to numbers of readers, it is a pleasure to learn. Messrs. Barraud, of 263, Oxford Street, write that

their name should have been placed under the photograph of Mr. Tree as Demetrius, which many consider to be this fine actor's best and most distinctive creation.

#### AN ACTOR-MANAGER-SCENE-PAINTER.

We have all heard, and many of us met, the actor-manager, the hero of one-part pieces, but the actor-manager-scene-painter is probably unique. I came across (writes a "Wandering Playgoer") at Southend, the other day, a gentleman who is not only an actor and a manager, but also a scene-painter, in the person of Mr. Fred Storey in the play of "Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Storey played the hero with a delicacy of touch which was quite as effective as the methods of Joe Jefferson and Fred Leslie; but what astonished me most was the beauty of the scenery (not, too, I believe, the "leading line," owing to the size of the stage), which was so thoroughly artistic and harmonious. The only other instance of an actor-manager-scene-painter which I can call to mind was that of Sir Percy Shelley, who fulfilled the triple rôle at his pretty theatre at Boscombe. In matter of colour he was an enthusiast, and when he produced the weird drama, "Carlmilhan; or, The Doomed Creed," he was wont to plunge into the sea at midnight to note the effect of moonlight beneath the water.

#### BEN GREET'S PASTORAL PLAYERS.

Those delightful entertainments given by Mr. Ben Greet's Shaksperian Pastoral Players were resumed in the lovely grounds of the Botanic Gardens a few days back. In case of Jupiter Pluvius showing a disposition to interfere with these right merrie *al-fresco* histrionics, Mr. Greet has arranged to give the show in one of the huge conservatories close to his grassy stage. When the present writer went up to see the performance of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the other evening, this plan had to be suddenly adopted, owing to the threatening state of the weather. The improvised glass theatre looked very charming with its decorations made of natural flowers and ferns, and it derived an additional picturesqueness from the presence of a large group of little, toddling Chinese ladies in rich-coloured costumes.

#### MADAME SADA YACCO.

the wonderful Japanese actress who was the rage in the Rue de Paris during the Exposition year, after she appeared at the Coronet Theatre, should be seen in her tragic impersonations at the Criterion. The Coronet stage being occupied by Madame Réjane's Company, Mr. E. G. Saunders arranged that this remarkable Japanese actress should appear this summer, with Loie Fuller, at the Criterion.

#### MISS LE THIÈRE

imparts aplomb to any play she appears in. This clever actress is as effective as ever at the St. James's, in "The Wilderness," which makes it the more surprising that, in a photographic group in last week's *Sketch*, the name of Miss Henrietta Cowen should have been accidentally placed under the portrait of Miss Le Thièrre.

#### MISS LILLIAN BEST'S

Dramatic and Musical Recital at Steinway Hall on June 10 was one of the most successful I have attended this season. Her recital of Victor Hugo's "Caught in the Quicksands" was as powerful as anything I have heard of late years upon the stage. Miss Best delivered it with such vivid and realistic effect as to thrill her auditors. As a contrast, she gave a characteristic Cockney sketch, called "Mrs. Hyde," and also appeared in a duologue, "Sixes and Sevens." One of her lighter recitals was the well-known "Frenchwoman's Story," in which the broken English and the scraps of French were admirably delivered. Miss Best was assisted by Mrs. Helen Trust, whose songs were cordially appreciated. Mr. W. H. Squire gave charming violoncello solos, and Signor Tito Mattei played one of his own pianoforte-pieces with brilliant effect, the entire entertainment being most enjoyable. Steinway Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity.



MISS LILLIAN BEST, WHO GAVE A DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL RECITAL AT STEINWAY HALL ON JUNE 10.

Photo by Hanco, Bedford Street, Strand.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Evening Rides—An All-Night Ride—The Carrying of Luggage—A Looking-Glass—The Tool-bag—The Repairer—A Cycle Exhibition.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, June 19, 9.18; Thursday, 9.18; Friday, 9.18; Saturday, 9.19; Sunday, 9.19; Monday, 9.19; Tuesday, 9.19.

A glance at the "Time to light-up" table above shows you may go awheel fairly late of an evening and have no qualms about being arrested by the ardent constable for riding without a lamp. We may ride lampless until 9.19. But on Sunday after next we will start going downhill in regard to shortening days. So, just at the moment we are conscious summer has arrived, the fact faces us it is already beginning to depart. Evening riding is not only the most convenient to the mass of folks, but it is also the most enjoyable. Many a time, when I have been out for long all-day spins and have begun to feel a little weary of the blaze and dust of the sultry afternoon, a feeling of rejuvenation has come with the approach of nightfall, and the last couple of hours have generally been the most pleasant. The tiredness of all the previous efforts that day seemed to have disappeared. Most long-distance riders experience this. I suppose there is a scientific and physical reason for it. With that, however, I am not concerned. Enough for most of us as cyclists is that the evening riding is one of the great joys.

Let me recommend those who have not tried it the experience of an all-night ride. The best plan is to ride to some particular destination, which you can time yourself to reach about six in the morning. The best part of the ride is just at break of day, when you can sit on a bank-side, munch the sandwiches you have brought with you, and see Nature awakening herself. The air will probably be chilly, but bracing, and when you have turned up at your inn and had a wash and good breakfast, you will admit, as I have often admitted, that the charm of an all-night ride is very little understood by the average cyclist.

Whenever a man or a woman decides to go touring awheel, there is ever the problem of what luggage shall be taken and how it shall be carried. On several occasions I have given recommendations in regard to the best outfit for the tourist. But I do not think I have before referred to the matter of how to carry baggage. Of course, if you go abroad and get into regions where it is necessary to have all your equipment constantly with you, the baggage is likely to be heavy, and you will not only have to carry a bag in the diamond-frame, but also luggage over the rear-wheel, and possibly some over the front. To the tourist, however, who is wandering his own country—whose needs are small, and, therefore, his comfort likely to be great—I would recommend that he obtain one of the carriers that can be bought at any of the cycle-shops and fit it over the hind-wheel. I am against luggage fastened to the handle-bar, because it is usually unsightly, and also because it interferes with steering. The frame-bag is useful, and I frequently adopt it myself. But, till you get accustomed to a frame-bag, it will probably be uncomfortable and likely as not wear out your knickerbockers at the knees by constant chafing. Suppose you are out for a fortnight's or three weeks' tour, what I propose

should be done is this—that you have a good, stout kit-bag you can send on by train at intervals of three or four days to meet you at particular hotels on your route, and that in your bag, fitted behind the saddle, you should carry only the smallest amount of baggage.

One of the most objectionable things when out riding is the persistence of gnats to get into the corners of one's eye. You may go for weeks and never be troubled with one of these irritating insects, whereas on another occasion they seem to make for your eye as a moth makes for a lamp. If you have a companion, you will probably be able to call upon his services to remove the thing. If, however, you are alone, you will very likely rub your eye about with your fist, making it decidedly sore, and not get rid of the fly. Therefore carry a tiny little glass with you. The best that I know is the little round glass, about as big as a five-shilling-piece, such as most of us as boys purchased for the purpose of dazzling people's eyes with the sunlight. On the principle that when you take out an umbrella it never rains, you will probably find that the mere fact of having a glass in your bag or waistcoat-pocket will keep off the gnats.

I would like to start an agitation for the abolition of the tool-bag. It is an ungainly and antiquated thing, and, as far as ladies are concerned, absolutely destroys the graceful draping of the skirts. If tool-bags are necessary, the American plan of the little diamond-shaped bag fitted to the frame beneath the saddle is the best and the neatest. One reason, I suppose, we have tool-bags for is to carry a mass of spanners and wrenches. But why cannot manufacturers send out machines with one-size nuts, so that one spanner will fit the lot? Most of the American machines have but one tool to accompany them, not bigger than a penknife, and which will unlock any part of the machine. Another thing is that often the tools you receive with a new machine do not fit the nuts, being just a trifle too small. This is provoking and is the cause of profanity. My grumble is on minor matters; but it is the minor matters that go to making or marring of one's happiness.

May I also have a little growl at the ordinary small repairer? He is legion in all our towns, and the mass of cyclists who do not

know how to keep their machines in order or repair a puncture are dependent upon his services. Now, many of these cyclists are not quite competent. They ride with their saddles too far back, or too low. Anyone can see that at the tail-end of a glance.

Repairers, being, of course, practical men, must know when a saddle is in an entirely wrong and uncomfortable position. Their duty is, I think, to point out to their customers exactly how the saddle should be and give the rider the advice that is necessary. There are probably plenty who do, but most repairers pay absolutely no attention to this matter. Will they take the hint?

London cyclists should certainly pay a visit to the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. There is now to be seen a collection of bicycles and cycle-parts from the days of the weighty old velocipedes of the early 'seventies to the latest and smartest pattern of the present year. Half-an-hour looking at this exhibition will give you a better idea of the evolution the bicycle has passed through these last thirty years than a dozen descriptive articles.

J. F. F.



MR. EUGENE STRATTON AT "THE COON'S REST."  
Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street W

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Ascot.*

The Royal Meeting is once more with us, and, despite the absence of the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family, the attendance during the week is likely to surprise the Managers, as so many foreigners are "doing" Ascot for the first time. The country on and around the Heath is looking at its very best, the foliage being a perfect dream, and all that is really required to perfect the picture is more green on the turf, which wears from brown to white as the meeting proceeds. The Royal Hunt Cup will be a capital race this year, and for the winner I shall select



ASCOT RACES: GOING IN TO WEIGH.

Simon Glover and Spectrum; another likely to be placed is Alvescot, who generally obtains a situation. For the Ascot Gold Cup I shall select Santoi, who, I take it, is one of the best horses in training. The two-year-old events I will not touch, and I can only suggest that, of the three-year-olds, Cap and Bells II. and Volodyovski should be supported for the races selected for them. They are, I take it, far and away the two best three-year-olds in training at the present time.

*The Improvements.*

As the suggested improvements to the Ascot course are to be commenced in earnest in a week or two, we may expect to see a big meeting next year, when it is hoped that the King and Queen will attend the meeting in State. The alterations to be made in the Stands and Rings do not concern me so much as the improvement of the going on the course. Men of agriculture know that it is difficult to change the nature of the soil; at the same time, we have seen, both at Lord's and the Oval, what could be done by a little manipulation, and it is needless to travel beyond Hurst Park to observe what the irrigation system works on a course. One reform should be worked at Ascot: it is the old fad I have trotted out for ten years at least. No one must be allowed to walk on the race-track during the four days of the meeting. The tunnel system has worked well between the Lawn and the Paddock; then, let the course be tunnelled from each ring, and, further, duplicate the present tunnel. If this were done, it would require very little peat and grass-seed to keep the going perfect throughout the fixture.

*Walking.*

I do not see Mr. Martin Cobbett on the tramp as often as of yore. The well-known sporting journalist and good fellow used to think nothing of a forty-mile tramp per day, with hard work at racing thrown in. Probably Martin finds the rough-and-tumble business of Tattersall's Ring sufficient exercise without tramping to and from the course. But many of the old-stagers stick to their guns. An old friend of mine has just written to me his annual letter to tell me that he walked to Epsom for the twenty-fifth consecutive year to see the race for the Derby run. But the walk from London to Epsom seemingly did not satisfy my old friend, for he adds: "I arrived in Epsom Town before ten o'clock, then walked over Epsom Common to Ashted, and through Ashted Park to the course. Although they are building about Ashted, the walk through the Park is still as

quiet and rural as ever. To me, there always appears to be a strange fascination about the Epsom district in the early summer." I have an idea that bookmakers and backers too would be able to run their businesses more successfully if they adopted the plan of Mr. Cobbett and my other friend and took a little walk previous to commencing in earnest for the bread-and-butter stakes.

*South Africa.*

By the merest accident, I heard that, previous to the race for the Oaks, some of the leading commission agents in South Africa received instructions from England "to back Cap and Bells II. for any amount and lay all the others." This little item set me a-thinking, and I have come to the conclusion that the military gents out at the War plunge as largely as ever. They would be hardly likely to know anything about the winner of the Oaks, who was a dark 'un of the dark 'uns, and, therefore, it is safe to conclude that they had a bad race. But what our bookies made on the roundabouts they lost on the swings, if I may be pardoned for applying the term, as I am told all America was on both the winner of the Derby and the Oaks, and it is doubtful whether Plunger Walton, after his first attack on our ring, took away half the sum that will be shipped to America as a result of the double event just concluded. The Yankees are plucky speculators when they fancy they know something, but they are no gamblers in the English sense of the word. They do not have a bit on every race "to show their pluck," as many of our empty-headed young plungers do. They do not believe in following the losses.

*Playing the Game.*

I am very sorry indeed to hear that one or two of the large and respectable bookies have had a bad time of it since the flat-race season began. It seems they played the game pluckily, and on occasion stood up to be shot at, with the result that they find themselves very heavy losers. It is really difficult to round a book in these days, when the backer is able to get quite as good intelligence as the bookmaker, and, as a consequence, only two or three horses, including the winner, are backed in any race, while stiff-'uns are easily discovered for the benefit of the punter as well as the layer.

*"S.-P." Coups.*

I think the Jockey Club should take serious notice of betting, if only to put a stop to the many "S.-P." coups that are brought off, mainly in the interests of a gang of sharps who do nothing in the interests of sport. As a matter of fact, in my opinion, the time has arrived to have a weeding-out of some of these gentry, and I hope they will be warned off for life when caught at their malpractices. Only the other day, I heard of a case where a man had £25 on his own horse, and at the last moment put £100 on some other animal in the race. Now, I would ask, where did the sporting public come in here, and how about the jockey who rode this man's own horse? To prevent is always better than to cure; but it is too late for that, and, the disease having assumed a dangerous shape, now is the time for the powers that be to adopt the drastic remedy.

CAPTAIN COE.



RACING AT ASCOT.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

"BE good and you'll be happy," said the American girl of the classics; "but——," and we all know the sequel to that youthful cynic's sentiments. "Be beautiful and you'll be happy" would make another and more popular version of the modern proverb, though whether goodness or beauty be more difficult of attainment remains a moot question for more disputations than myself to



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A CHARMING BLOUSE BY THE CELLULAR CLOTHING COMPANY,  
OXFORD STREET, W.

decide. I am rather inclined to think the former, however: there are so many methods of cultivating the latter nowadays, and all our efforts are so much more seriously directed to its accomplishment. Take the matter of dress, now. Never before surely since time began and the annals of vanity were first set down was woman so helpfully helped out by her habiliments. We are great, too, on the matter of coiffure, which is no less a matter important. Compare, *par exemple*, the burnished locks and glossy undulations of the modern maid with the tightly drawn plaits, uncompromising fronts, or so palpably false chignons of the early Victorian; while in the supreme matter of complexion—which has more to do with youthfulness and beauty of aspect than aught else—a more judicious supervision has been exercised of late than ever since the spacious days when beauties of ancient Athens and Rome held the secrets of the toilette so triumphantly.

And, apropos of youth and beauty, how marvellously young and fair our good and graceful Queen Alexandra always looks! It is no secret amongst those in the swing of things that, without being vain, our ideally pretty Sovereign Lady takes due regard for that pleasing appearance which Shakspeare rightly called the first letter of recommendation. Hard London water, which is so injurious to the delicacy of fair feminine skin, for example, is never used in Her Majesty's toilette, distilled water being substituted. Two other beauties equally famous for a prolonged sojourn in the lovely land of youth are Mrs. Langtry and Madame Adelina Patti. Neither has the habit of using even distilled water on the face, preferring skin-feeding creams and cosmetics, which are equally cleansing and more emollient. Most Frenchwomen follow this rule likewise, and, by the much-abused word "cosmetics," let it be understood that I do not mean colouring stuffs—which are injurious, as a rule—but merely healing medicaments which preserve the skin and repair the daily ravages of such dust, wind, and weather as the Fates mete out to us. Lady Warwick, one

of the loveliest women of a generation rich in lovelinesses, preserves the delicate colouring Nature gave her by a judicious use of face-steaming and massage. So does the Duchess of Portland, whose colouring is so refreshingly healthy and clear. One could cite a hundred instances of the sort which go to show how the modern maid or Madam deserves the success she has attained in an enhanced attractiveness; while followers of this complexion-cure industry, instead of being looked upon as exponents of the black art, as might have been twenty years ago, are hailed, very properly, as saviours of the race they do so much to adorn, besides making very handsome incomes to boot amongst a grateful *clientèle*. As to particular preparations, are they not legion? And who shall praise them without discrimination? Some cuticles are dry and require an emollient; others are naturally moist and greasy. These require an astringent such as "Icilma." Wherever possible, it is useful to consult a specialist who is both conscientious and expert.

The question of clothing has more to do with complexion also than we always wot of. Tight-lacing, for instance, all the more when too suddenly resorted to, has a way of reddening the nose and enpurpling the skin that is decidedly more disastrous than delightful. Overweighting with heavy clothes makes us pale with fatigue and over-exertion; insufficient wrapping-up causes us to show blue with cold. How, then, is the happy mean to be attained? you will ask. And my reply comes in two words—Cellular clothing. This species of underwear is not new, but its merits, from the hygienic standpoint, cannot be over-estimated, more especially in summer, when porous underclothing has so many obvious advantages. The Cellular fabric does not clog, like wool,



[Copyright.]

A SUMMER GOWN OF WHITE MUSLIN SPOTTED WITH BLACK.

nor cling, like ordinary cotton, of which it is a special preparation. Besides the ordinary inside wearables of commerce, the Aertex Cellular Clothing Company has now inaugurated the welcome departure of Cellular blouses, which are both smart to look at and safe to wear, and



which should prove a particular boon to the cycling girl. Besides London shops at 417, Oxford Street, and 33, New Bond Street, the Cellular Clothing Company has dépôts in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom, so that this excellent invention is always within reach of its daily growing public.

Writing before the Ascot meeting, I hazard the opinion that, if the wish expressed that visitors to the Royal Enclosure should wear black be generally carried out, it will bring dismay to those who won't like a dividing-line between Paddock and what Mr. Weedon Grossmith calls the "Inner Circle." Hundreds of smart gowns have been made which not even distantly partake of black, and hundreds also have discarded black clothes and have none on the spot to replace those used-up or discarded. Of course, it would be the height of snobbery for those without the Enclosure to imitate those within—even presupposing that such an unwritten law had gone forth. But, as imitating one's social superiors is not an unknown weakness amongst our amiable generation, it is to be feared, should the rumour find wings, that the Lawn will be shorn of much gaiety thereby, which, taking one consideration with another, would be a very sad pity indeed.

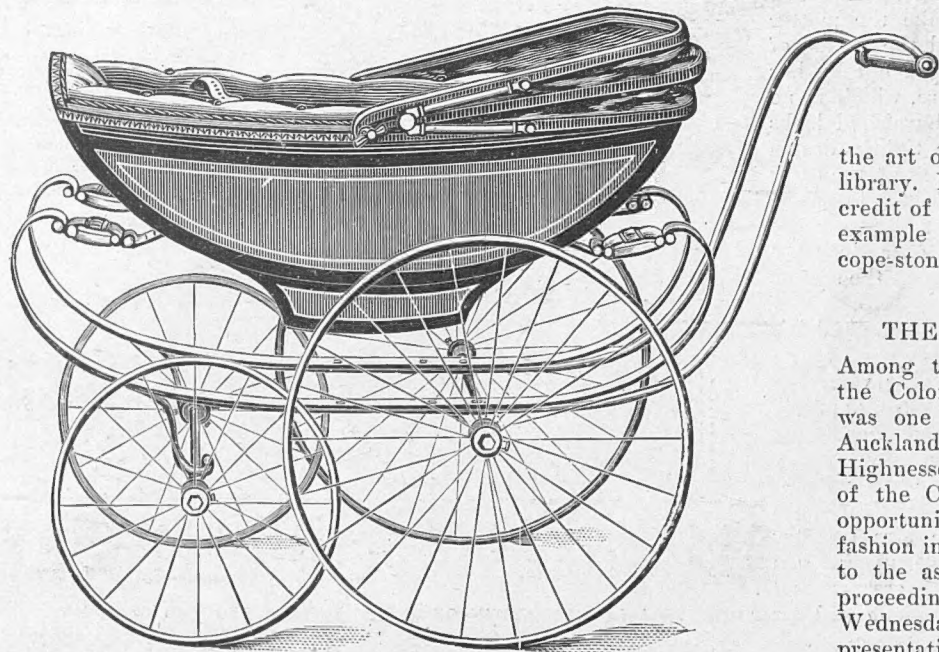
The new style of hair-dressing excites my admiration on two accounts. It looks easy, but is difficult; and a delusive simplicity is the acme of good coiffing. Those loose, graceful, apparently negligent coils and loops nestling in at the nape of the neck are, in reality, results of art and patience, not to add supererogation. Many have, again, to resort to the adventitious aids of what is known as "the switch" for their full effect, but, while giving all honour to the useful place that hairy adjunct occupies on our toilet-tables or chair-backs when off duty, I am strongly in favour of a home-grown chevelure, and believe it put within reach of all, moreover, by the use of "Captol," a fluid which not alone causes the hair to grow, but actually kills the microbe of baldness in men, and which can be obtained at the Mülhens' Rhine Violet Dépôt, 62, New Bond Street, W. Another useful remedy for another purpose, which I am credibly informed restores grey hair to its original colour, is the "Mexican Hair Restorer," producible on inquiry at every chemist's. If this is so, the condiment is a pearl of price, but, not being promoted yet to the venerable estate of greyness, I miss the advantage and authority of experience.

There has been a great deal of cradling and giving in cradles lately in Italy consequent on the joyfully acclaimed birth of a Royal Princess. The baby Yolanda, who has the prettiest name in the world, also has one of the most comfortable baby-carriages, made by Messrs. Leveson and Sons, of perambulator publicity and fame, which is springed and stuffed in the most superfine manner, and daintily covered in white and gold, as a Royal baby's carriage should fitly be.

SYBIL.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., Limited, have opened a stall in the Imperial Court at the Earl's Court Exhibition for the sale of their "Flor de Dindigul" cigars.

The Great Central Railway announce that on Saturday, June 22, they will run three, six, and eight days' express excursions from London (Marylebone) to the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North-Eastern district. The excursion tickets will be issued to more than a hundred and fifty stations in those districts. The Great Central Railway also announce that every Saturday till further notice they will issue cheap excursion tickets from Marylebone Station to Grimsby, New Cleve, Cleethorpes, Liverpool, Blackpool, Southport, Chester, Filey, Scarborough, Whitby, and to Douglas, Isle of Man. Cheap week-end tickets will likewise be issued to stations in Bucks, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, and Leicestershire.



CARRIAGE PRESENTED TO H.M. THE KING OF ITALY, MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. LEVESON AND SONS.

### CROMER PIER.

The new Cromer pier—which has been erected on the site of the one swept away in 1897—was opened on the 8th inst. by Lord Claud Hamilton. After a short speech, his Lordship unlocked the gates to the tune of the National Anthem, after which luncheon was served at



THE NEW CROMER PIER.

Photo by W. Stones, 36, Church Street, Cromer.

the Hôtels Métropole and De Paris. Cromer is served from London by the Great Eastern and Great Northern Railways, and from the Midlands by the Midland and Great Northern Joint Railways. This charming seaside resort has every attraction for people of the better class, and, with its new features, should draw many additional residents.

### MR. CARNEGIE'S GENEROSITY.

The terms of the Trust Deed conveying the two millions from Mr. Carnegie, on behalf of the Scottish Universities, are now public, and the trustees are the Earl of Elgin, who is Chairman; Lord Rosebery, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Kelvin, Lord Reay, Lord Kinnear, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Mr. Bryce, M.P., Mr. Morley, M.P., Sir Robert Pallor, Sir Henry E. Roscoe, Mr. Haldane, M.P., and Mr. Shaw, M.P. The Secretary for Scotland and the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dunfermline are also trustees *ex-officio*. At the beginning of the deed, Mr. Carnegie says that, having retired from active business, he deems it to be his duty, and one of his highest privileges, to administer the wealth which has come to him as a trustee on behalf of others. One of the best means seemed to him the providing of funds for improving and extending the opportunities for scientific study and research in the Universities of Scotland, and to make them more available to the deserving and qualified youth of that country to whom the payment of fees might act as a barrier. The money is invested in stock of the United States Steel Corporation, and at 5 per cent. will yield over £100,000. One half of this sum goes to the improvement of the teaching equipment of the modern side of the Universities, particularly science, foreign languages, and commerce, and the other half for the relief of fees of students of Scottish birth and extraction. The scheme comes into operation next University session.

Another gift of £400,000 is recorded to the credit of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. This time it is the Cooper Union of New York which is to benefit. Mr. Carnegie had given a like amount some years ago, and this doubles the donation. The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art was founded by Peter Cooper (1791-1883), a wealthy ironmaster, in 1854, for the instruction of men and women in branches of knowledge by which they earn their daily bread, in the laws of health, and political science. Free courses of lectures were established, a free reading-room, and a school for the instruction of women in the art of design. It has an endowment for a free reading-room and library. Peter Cooper helped to finance the first Atlantic cable when the credit of the promoters was exhausted at the banks, and was a splendid example of perseverance and self-help. Thus one ironmaster puts a cope-stone on the work of the other.

### THE IMPERIAL TOUR: ENLARGING THE EMPIRE.

Among the many picturesque and historic incidents connected with the Colonial tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York was one which took place shortly after the *Ophir* had anchored in Auckland Harbour. Lord Ranfurly, in the presence of their Royal Highnesses, read the Proclamation announcing the formal incorporation of the Cook Islands with New Zealand. The Duke never loses an opportunity of referring with deep feeling and gratitude to the admirable fashion in which the Government and people of Greater Britain sprang to the assistance of the Mother Country in the struggle which is now proceeding in South Africa; and, by an interesting coincidence, on the Wednesday of last week, a date rendered memorable by the first presentation by King Edward of war-medals, the Duke of Cornwall and York took the leading rôle in a similar function in Auckland, the recipients of honours being the officers and troops of the New Zealand contingent not long returned from "the Front."



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 26.*

## ON 'CHANGE.

THE lowering of the Bank Rate has given a fillip to Consols and other gilt-edged securities, which has been helped by confident talk about the end of the War, and, above all, by good buying, especially among the Jewish houses, who are always credited with knowing something more than "The Man in the Street." Unless the hopes—one might almost say, confident hopes—of peace are again doomed to disappointment, it is pretty sure that Consols at least have seen their worst. Everyone recognises that, if the Boers get over the winter months, the War may last for another year, and what speculators in Consols and Kaffirs have to risk is that this may happen.

We hear from one of the most long-headed men in the Yankee Market that Steel Ordinary are sure to pay 4 and very likely  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and both the Pref. and the Ordinary are a very good speculative purchase. "The Morgan lot are not out yet," our friend remarked, "and are sure to put the price better to help themselves." The market is of the best, and it is easy to deal in any quantity of either class of share.

A new Nitrate Company, with a share capital of £110,000 and a 5 per cent. Debenture issue of £80,000, is being underwritten, and, from the details which have been placed before us, looks like proving a good thing. The people connected with it are practically the same as those connected with the Salvo del Carmen, which is undoubtedly among the best of this class. It may be worth our readers' while to look out for the issue at the end of this month or beginning of next.

Next week we shall hope to give some interesting figures in connection with the Atchison earnings for the year ending June 30 next; but, before placing them before our readers, we should like to make a little more inquiry.

## OUR ILLUSTRATION.

This week we give a view of the Anglo - French Quicksilver property, situated in the province of Kwei - Chau, in China. The company has been hampered since its formation by the disturbed state of that country, but, although situated two thousand miles up the great Yang-tze River, considerable progress has been made, and the smelting-works are almost ready to run upon unlimited quantities of ore which will certainly yield from 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of mercury. The management is in good hands and there is abundance of working capital. The view we give is from a photograph kindly lent us by Messrs. Lake and Currie, the consulting engineers.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Can it really be that this subtle breath of business now inspiring our markets has come to stay, to increase, to broaden out into a great, strong wind of activity all round the House? The very thought of such a thing seems too good to be true; it smacks of too preposterous prosperity. Nevertheless, we members watch anxiously this same slight breath, wondering and wondering whether it be the prelude to that Kaffir boom for which the Stock Exchange has prayed since 1896. The Report of the Transvaal Commission is, to a certain extent, satisfactory, and shows us that the numberless vexed questions will be officially approached in a strong and impartial attitude. It is with a sigh of relief that we hear the Dynamite Concession must fall through, although its removal deprives us of one peg upon which to string fluctuations in the market. No more spirited advances in South Africans on the rumour that the Dynamite Concession is to be revoked! No more severe declines on the report that the rumour was a lie!

Arising out of this Transvaal Commission Report, the House suggests that indirectly it is a strong bull point for Transvaal 5 per cent. bonds. If the Imperial Government, we argue, is going to be so fair, so lenient, to those in the country who have claims upon it, surely it will treat with much more respect the bondholders of the country's debt? That is the broad view taken of the question—not an infallible view by any means, and one which raises minor objections at once—and Transvaal Fives are up to 104 on the finding of the Commission. In support of the bullish opinion, I would point out that by the commencement of next month there will be no less than three coupons unpaid on the bonds. Now, who can foretell how much of the  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. thereby represented will be paid by the Imperial Power? The market is hopelessly in the dark, and eagerly awaits the expected Government announcement respecting the loan. Perhaps it will have been made before you scan these lines, my Gentle Reader; but if it has not, and you can still buy Transvaal Fives in the region of 104, I think you might safely do it. Or, if you cannot secure these somewhat scarce Bonds, you might perhaps cast a cautious eye upon Northern Railway of the Transvaal Fours, which stand at about 91, and look a very fair speculative

investment at the price, as you will probably agree if you go carefully into their prospects.

The Stock Exchange will some day be reconstructed, possibly voluntarily, possibly by order of the Court—of Managers, I mean. But the time is not ripe yet, and Mr. Pain's ingenious devices have been rejected by the House authorities. Seeing that nearly all the latter are shareholders in the Stock Exchange, the scheme's rejection is not surprising. Proprietors of House shares have merely got to sit still for a while, and they will see their holdings rise like an eternally aspiring balloon. It is merely a question of a few years, the time which Stock Exchanges will take to rise fifty pounds a share, and, this being so, it isn't a bit likely that a body of conservative old gentlemen will consent to parting with their expectations for the sake of receiving a parcel of unmarketable securities bearing a fixed rate of interest. Mr. Pain's scheme was interesting in its inception and instructive as regards its reception; perhaps its author's ready wit will even yet cut the Gordian knot in which this mystery of Stock Exchange management is now terribly tied.

Industrial shares are attracting a good deal of attention, mostly of the wrong sort. The dwindling of Liptons is causing some worry to many who declined to coincide with the opinions of *The Sketch* that 30s. was not too low a price for the shares. At 25s., I think we might begin to consider their advantages as an investment for ladies. Machinery Trust, too, are very flat, although not so weak as they have been, but it is possible that the reduction in dividend may be a temporary matter. There is, however, an element of badness about the Machinery Trust market that one does not like: it takes so much to send them up a sixteenth, so little to knock them down a quarter. Otherwise, the shares might be recommended to the gambler-investor who is not afraid of picking up shares after they have experienced a heavy fall and when the outlook seems anything but rosy. The clouds are always dark before the dawn.

There is an undercurrent of elasticity and "snap" about the West African Market that appeals to such optimists as myself. Upon its dullest days you find men in the market who are quite prepared to back their faith in Jungles by taking your shares should you be a seller, and this is not the case in new markets as a rule. Only do let the Jungle-fever patient confine himself to such shares as Wassau, British Gold Coast, Taquah and Abosso or Amalgamated, steering away from the cheap and nasty things which he will find spread out by the score. Were I a speculator, I should have no hesitation in buying the shares of any of the quartette just mentioned. High-priced things are not always dear, and, as our

mothers used to tell us long ago, the best things are the cheapest in the end.

Whenever are Home Rails going to touch bottom? we all want to know. There seems to be absolutely no end to the decline; only in the Southern stocks is there any activity apparent at all, and that principally of the down-grade order. Even the Scotch bulls of Caledonian and North British are disgustedly selling their holdings, presumably because they are disappointed with the Glasgow Exhibition traffics. But is it not rather early days to expect anything great from this source? An exhibition in the country generally draws most people during the summer and early autumn. I do not

see how we can anticipate bumper traffics on the Scotch lines for, say, another three or four weeks. Coras and British aren't dear at their present prices, in my lowly esteem.

To wax bullish over Home Rails—were such a thing conceivable—it is as well to remember that the Railway Companies will be paying very much less for their coal in the next six months as compared with the prices they gave during the latter half of 1900. I think that Railway stockholders may quite fairly look forward to a substantial decrease in this direction, which may help to offset the reduction in traffic that they must be prepared to face. From the condition of the labour market they have but little hope of comfort, but, viewing the situation as an investor, I should say that another year will see prices standing considerably higher. But, then, you know, I am merely

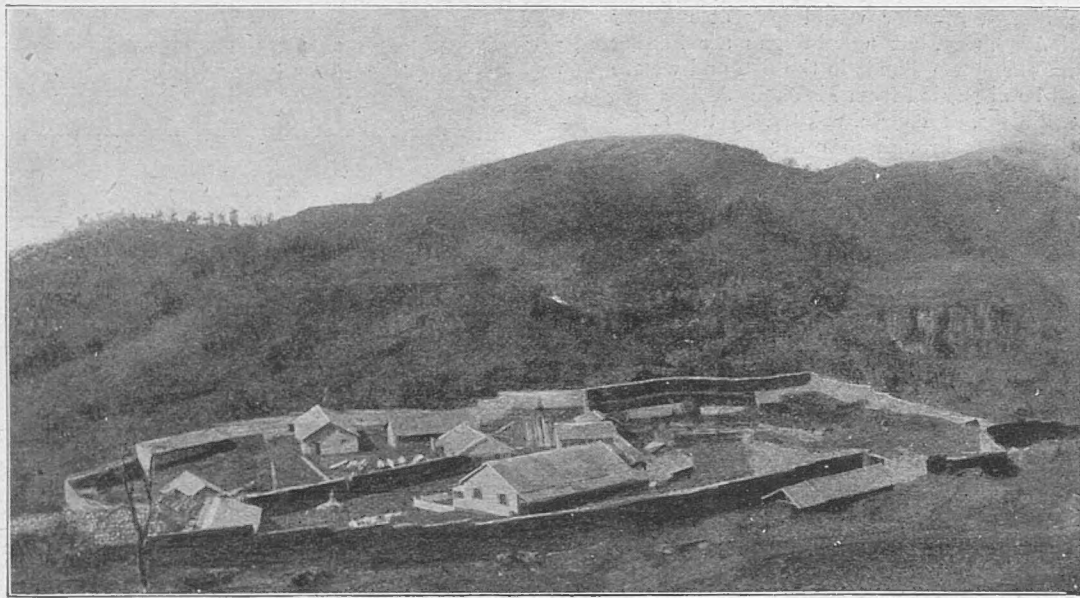
THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

## THE ANTOFAGASTA (CHILE) AND BOLIVIA RAILWAY COMPANY.

This company is steadily improving its position, and our readers may rely on the following facts and figures if they have any desire to turn their attention to its securities.

The capital is £2,200,000 in stock, and there is power to issue £1,000,000 4 per cent. Debentures, of which £800,000 or more have been placed. The line is leased till Dec. 31, 1903, to the Huanchaia Company upon terms which may be summarised by saying that the lessees guarantee the Debenture interest and 6 per cent. on the Ordinary stock for the time, and are allowed out of the surplus of one year to recoup themselves for the deficit of any previous period, and to retain half the profit after paying the guarantee. At this moment, in round figures £50,000 is due for past deficits to the Huanchaia Company, who take 35 per cent. of the gross receipts for working the line. The accounts are made up to the end of each year, and presented early in July.

For the year ending Dec. 31, 1900, the traffics amount to £365,000, being an increase of 834,500 dollars over those of 1899. In other words, the net sum available for the Antofagasta shareholders will be about £274,000, as against £205,988 in 1899 and £165,129 in 1898. From the available profit, Debenture interest, say (to be safe) £40,000, and 6 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, £132,000, or £172,000 in all, must be



THE ANGLO-FRENCH QUICKSILVER COMPANY'S WORKS, PROVINCE OF KWEI-CHAU, CHINA.



paid; then the £50,000 due to the Huanchaia Company will have to be liquidated, leaving a balance of about £52,000, of which the lessees are, under their contract, entitled to one-half and the Antofagasta stockholders to the other. This is enough to give a 1 per cent. extra dividend, if the Directors so elect to deal with it. For the first four months of this year the traffics have been 2,655,000 dollars, or an increase of 77,000 dollars over the improved figures of the corresponding period of 1900. What wonder, under these circumstances, that both the Debentures and Ordinary stock have risen considerably and look like going even better?

#### THE WELSBACH COMPANY.

The notorious and long-standing dissension on the Welsbach Board has, it appears, terminated in the resignation of Mr. Peters, the Managing Director, and Mr. Sampson, a gentleman who joined the Board at the same time. We do not think the right people have left, and are curious to hear what Sir Henry Burdett—whose almost fulsome panegyric of Mr. Peters' ability we remember so well last year—has to say about the matter at the meeting due next month. One of the causes which has brought about the crisis is, we hear, the size of the Board (consisting, as it did, of thirteen members), to which Mr. Peters has long been known to object.

#### ARGENTINE AND BRAZILIAN BONDS.

The healthier feeling about the market for Argentine and Brazilian securities is decidedly encouraging to those who, like ourselves, have ventured to preach good tidings in the days when things looked black for both Republics. Buying of the bonds is taking place not on account of the Continent only, but of investors in this country, a sign that the Baring crisis is being effaced from remembrance by the strenuous efforts that are now made to purify the financial methods of South America's largest States. For long, the British investor would look at nothing that bore the tainted name of Argentine, but now brokers are finding their clients on the look-out for the cheap bonds in the list, and we see no reason why the buyer should be dissuaded from his choice.

As regards Brazil, the last Budget, of course, pointed to the sharp struggle that the country still has to go through in order to uphold the standard of financial integrity for which she has declared. The prosperity of Brazil seems, perhaps, barely sufficient to admit of the heroic measures which she is attempting, but, given a few good seasons for her produce, and Brazil will emerge triumphant from difficulty. As second-rate investments, Brazil Fours at 69½ are worth locking up by anybody, and the only argument we know to urge against the Government's Minas and Rio Railway Bonds is that the securities are so vigorously written-up by most of the newspapers—not a good sign for those who buy for a sustained rise. Bonds of a better class can be selected from the Argentine list. The Railway Loan of 1881 has risen to par, 13 per cent. up since we advised a purchase, and still, as an investment, the bonds look healthy. The 4½ per cent. Internal Gold Loan of 1888 is standing at 74, and appears to be worth ten points more.

Saturday, June 15, 1901.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

DAISY—The firm we referred to last week we find, on further inquiry, stand very high and are really first-rate. You need have no fear of them.

EVERETT.—We have sent you the name and address you want.

J. C. B. R.—We send answers only by private letter, in accordance with Rule 5. On the whole, we should join the reconstruction and get out if there is any rise in the reconstructed shares. As to the Broken Hill Company, we are also holders, and hear they keep getting silver. The report is due soon.

C. T. C.—We do not like the Hotel Preference. No accounts are available in even the latest books of reference, and we have no inside information.

SEFTON.—The immediate future for Home Rails does not look promising, but it is always when things appear as if they could never rise again that the unexpected happens. Personally, we think the stock you ask about will be lower before it gets back to your figure, but it is a mere opinion. You might buy good Colonial Municipal Bonds, such as City of South Melbourne 4½ per cent. at 102-103, or Dunedin 5 per cent. at about 107, and sleep in peace.

STAFFORD.—We hear the company has had a very fair year, and that 8 per cent. will be paid in July for the twelve months ending May 31 last. The information comes from a source usually reliable. All the shares mentioned by you are fair trade risks, but we do not see much chance of any quick rise. As a spec., we would much rather buy Consols.

CESAREA.—The company owns 54,000 acres, and therefore clearly has "great possibilities," but most of the Jungle shares are purely artificial markets, moving when the people who own the bulk of the shares like to operate. As Jungles go, the shares in question are a fair show, and might jump any day if the "shop" started buying. As to the Rails, see our answer to "Sefton," which applies to your holdings as much as to his. Caledonians especially look as if they could go lower.

H. H. S.—(1) Price, £1 to 1½. (2) Your present holding is safer than the proposed change, but there is more room for a rise in the Flour Company. (3) We have no belief in these, and would not hold them for our own money. (4) Price, ¼ dis. to par. Next to no market.

The photographs of Christ's Hospital recently published in *The Sketch* were courteously supplied by Messrs. Reinhold Thiele and Co., 66, Chancery Lane, W.C.

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#### BENJAMIN-CONSTANT'S GREAT PAINTING OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Subscribers to the Photogravures will be pleased to learn that M. Benjamin-Constant has passed the first impression from the copper-plate, and has endorsed it with the remark—"Cette épreuve est magnifique; rien à retoucher."

This Portrait of the late Queen is now at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, where it is especially honoured by command of His Majesty the King.